

# LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

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## NEIGHBORHOOD OVERSIGHT.

IN the despatch which Paul Wentworth sent to Eden when he was in England in 1775, he says of the Thirteen Colonies that "a little while ago not a beggar was to be found among them, and in some districts no poor-rate." This statement, made by a man who would have defamed America if he could, and where he could, is very well worth consideration now. For certainly at first sight there is no easy reason why a country a hundred times as rich as the Thirteen Colonies were, ten times as large, and twenty times as populous, should show more than twenty times as much pauperism. And one would say, at first glance, that if they had no paupers then and no poor-rates, they ought to have none now.

When they are puzzled with this statement the ascetics step in and say it is all this cursed wealth which brings in this cursed poverty. And they tell us that if we would only give up our seal-skin jackets, our *pate de foie gras*, and our Sevres china, at one end of the social order, we should have no broken brogans, no beds in gutters, and no delirium tremens at the other. But no one believes this who has "figured on it," if we may take a national proverb, and, on the other hand, all civilization proves that it is better for a country, as it is for a man, to be rich than to be poor.

WHEN you come to compare your three million people of 1775 against your sixty-five million of 1890, you find another thing. You find that many communities now are living just as free from beggary as the three million people were, and, indeed, "a great deal more so"—if one may say so without a bad bull. In the first place, there were then six hundred thousand slaves, who, if they were not beggars, were a great deal worse off than if they were. And the descendants of those slaves are not beggars now. They are badly treated—in some cases very badly treated, as in the prisons of Georgia and Alabama—but this is no matter for which wealth is responsible. There is not a man or woman of them all who would thank you, if you changed their state to what their fathers' state was in Paul Wentworth's time.

Then you have to observe that there are very large communities—and a plenty of them—where, in Wentworth's sense, there are no beggars now. The professional class called *tramps* is a very different sort from the professional class which Eden or Wentworth would have called *beggars*. The tramp is a product of the civil war, and of a failure of legislation, which was natural enough in communities which had known nothing of beggary. I was once at an elegant dinner party in Central Ohio, when the talk turned on the tramp nuisance, and the necessity for stringent repressal of it. I said craftily to my host, "Yet I think you never refuse food to any one who asks for it at your door?"

"No, sir," he said, proudly, "no man ever passed this door hungry—nor ever will."

Then I spoke loudly to the other end of a table of five and twenty guests: "Dr. Harmon, we are talking of tramps; do you ever let your servants refuse a meal to a man or woman who is hungry?"

"Why, no, Mr. Hale—that—well—I—no—Mrs. Harmon would not like—well—yes—any one who wants something can generally find it at our house."

And the whole company saw my point, and laughed in confession of the exceeding difficulty of enforcing a severe tramp

law in a country of such matchless hospitality. They either told me that day that they had a proverb that no man was ever hungry in Ohio, or I invented it for them.

Now you cannot call the lazy dog, who prefers to stop for a good dinner at Dr. Harmon's house, a beggar in the sense in which Wentworth said there were no beggars in America. There were men then, as there are now, who preferred to get their dinners without earning them, when they could.

BESIDE this, it must be observed that certain communities, where they have been, from the beginning, watchful about such subjects, have protected themselves; and that their "poor-rates," as Wentworth or Eden would have called them, are still next to nothing. I could name a hundred towns in Massachusetts where there are no paupers in summer, and where the poor-house, if there is one, is rented for summer boarders, or might be. I have known jails in Massachusetts where the keepers took boarders for their own support, in the keepers' houses, and had no prisoners in their keeping, and there are many such places in the Western States. It is, in fact, from the "pitiful" smallness of the "poor-rate" in such places that people are apt to consider it of no account, and the negligences of administration, not to say of legislation, which have resulted, are among our worst difficulties in the whole matter of pauperism. When a family does turn up which lives on the public, it is nobody's business to put out the dangerous spark, and, after a few generations, somebody reports that three or four hundred people are in different alms-houses and correction houses who are the result of that omission of eighty years ago. But when anybody has cared about such things you find other results. I cited in this journal in March the town of Vineland, in New Jersey. When I visited it in 1867 the population was not what it is now, and the expenses for crime and criminals, pauperism and paupers, were seventy-five dollars a year. Things are not quite so sunny now, but the statistics of the present moment show

that the township appropriates three hundred dollars for the suppression of crime, and seldom uses all this sum. Beside this the mayor holds a petty court to try infractions of the borough ordinances. In this court he received, last year, about a hundred dollars paid as fines incurred for actual offenses against morals.

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WHERE such contrasts have been made as we have suggested above, the answer is that Vineland and the places free from crime and pauperism are "moral communities," but that in cities you must, "you know," have a large overplus of both crime and pauperism.

It is true that where there is wealth there will be people who want to steal. It is true that rascals can hide in cities more easily than they can under the "mild police" of the country, which searches out every rabbit who leaves a track upon the else untrodden snow.

These two are perhaps the only "advantages" which cities have for crime. Remember, on the other hand, that the name "pagan," or "country living," originally meant irreligious people; that the words "polite," "urbane," "civil," and "civilized" all refer to a purifying influence exerted by the life of cities. Remember that the Master of the world, and the Founder of modern civilization, bade His apostles to do their work in towns and cities, and not to scatter seed by the wayside as they walked. Remember that people who knew what they were about, like Paul, took His instructions quite literally. Cities certainly have some facilities for the business we have in hand.

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WHAT John Oberlin found he could do in Waldbach is the sort of thing to be done in New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston. And it is to be done in very much the same way.



And one need not go so far afield as Waldbach to ask how it was done. There are men doing the same work now in localities where the population is so sparse that the moral director of a town or village knows just who are in its enclosure, and passes no one by intentionally.

There are thousands of printed biographies of such men, each one of whom, feeling that the care of souls was on his conscience, made the personal acquaintance of each of his five hundred human beings who lived nearest to his home. And for each such biography which ever got itself printed, there are a thousand more which were never written down.

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THERE grows up, therefore, in the "rural communities" of America a much more careful and intelligent observation of the moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical needs of *every human being* than there is in any large city, though the large cities pay much more than the villages for the purposes of police, and use much more paper and ink in writing down what they know.

In a little country town, there is gained what the writer of these lines asked for in this journal in April of last year. There is such oversight, moral and spiritual, that, if you wanted at night to be sure that no one in the town would starve to death, you would know it. And if in the morning any one wanted to know if a man named Halvor Halvorsen lived in the town, you could correctly answer the question.

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YET the religious teachers of a city like New York or Chicago do quite as much work in their way as Oberlin did in his way.

Yes; but their work, from the nature of our life, is scattered over a wide geographical range. And it is nobody's business to plot that work, to ascertain its results, and to adjust it to the work of anybody else. Each one of them,

therefore, has the uncertainty at his heart, whether he is spending his time to the best advantage. He might be doing his best, and yet be ignorant whether his time, thought, and prayer might not be better applied.

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THE Oberlin plan, which is the plan of Jesus Christ, will be fairly applied when the churches of a large city set themselves to the business entrusted to them in a systematic fashion, without jealousy of each other. There is no need for jealousy, for there is quite enough of this work to go round, as another happy national proverb says.

The experience of thousands of Oberlins, up and down in different parts of the world, proves that the outside limit of a fair pastoral duty of a working shepherd of the people has been reached, when he has on his mind and heart the interests of a hundred and twenty families—say, roughly, eight hundred persons. So soon as a “parish” exceeds this number, the pastor needs a colleague, or assistant, or the “parish” should divide. This may be taken as one of the fixed facts on which administration might be based. Now, with all the good work which churches of various organizations are doing, in England and in America, for the relief of poverty and the abolition of pauperism, there is no city which is under the careful and systematic moral inspection of people whose one object is to prevent crime and pauperism, such as appears in the simple system of Oberlin in Waldbach, or the precisely similar work of the old-fashioned country parson in the times of Wentworth and Eden. I do not believe that we shall get much more favorable results than we have now, until, with the determination to establish the moral oversight, we make a better organization than we now make of the self-sacrificing labors of our clergy and other religious teachers.

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I do not believe it would be impossible, beginning with a comparatively small district in Boston, in New York, or in

London, to set on foot such a moral survey and census as Mr. Booth has so carefully made for East London. Of such an exhibit, made, if you please, on a map and in statistical tables, of all the haunts of crime and the centres of destitution, the immediate result would be a determined and systematic arrangement for the rooting out of crime and providing for destitution. Nobody wants to have a poor girl starve to death in the city any more than one wants to have her starve to death in the country; and exactly the same system of kindly Christian oversight which keeps her from starving to death in the country will keep her from starving to death in the city, when the facts are as well known. Suppose, then, for an "assembly district" of some fifty thousand people in New York, or for a ward of half that size in Boston, the clergy most interested came together, and determined that they would know everything which is to be known of its present moral, social, and religious condition. Suppose that, among themselves, they assigned one clergyman of character, sense, intelligence, and experience, for the care of every one hundred families. This man should live in the midst of his charge; if he had a family, his family should live with him. The home which the "University Settlement" has established in Rivington Street, in New York, is the proper type of such homes as should exist all through the congested neighborhoods of our large cities.

As has been said, there should be one such home, at least, for every eight hundred people. These resident ministers — there is no better name than the old name of the Prayer Book and the New Testament — should be of as many religious communions as are represented in any considerable numbers in the district assigned to them. They and the officers whom they employ ought to be able, every night, to say with reasonable accuracy what is the condition of the people assigned to them — who is sick, who is away, who is drunk, or in the way of being drunk. If "a man whose name appears to be Sullivan, who is supposed to have lived at a lodging-house in Nowhere Street," is picked up dead on the

street by the police, there would be some one to say at once where Sullivan's friends are, where he came from, and to give some hint as to why he died. If a girl of exceptional genius for music or for designing appeared by good fortune in one of the families of such a district, there would be a near friend to see that her genius was properly encouraged, and the world did not lose another Jenny Lind or an Angelica Kaufmann. The admirable proverb of the Associated Charities, "not alms, but a friend," would be carried out, and that friend, for the purposes which he had in hand, would have the church behind him. And after a year or two we should have a thousand illustrations of what Lord Houghton meant when he sang of the converts that a man would make who would "house with crime."

I do not expect any such results as this under a system like that reported as to a single assembly district in New York, where, for forty-six thousand people, they have six Protestant chapels, no Catholic church, and no synagogue. The flames which are well kindled and are burning in such districts are not to be extinguished by throwing snowballs from a distance into the fire.

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## MORAL EDUCATION.

BY JOSHUA YOUNG.

FOR several days, in my "off" hours, as the hand-worker would say, I had been turning over the leaves — and there are only twelve hundred and nine of them! — of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1887-88, which has only, just now, worked through the printing office meaning, if I found anything worth telling, to communicate it to the readers of *LEND A HAND*. I had nearly finished the search, and "all was quiet along the Potomac," the pulse of popular education seemed to be beating well, with a regular and healthy stroke, when there came in to me from our Book Club the January number of the *Science Monthly*. Passing my finger down the table of contents, my eyes fell on this heading: "Public Schools as Affecting Crime and Vice." Turning to it at once, I read the article through — shall I say with flushing face, or with arrested breath? — and then went back and read it through for the second time more carefully, but with no less discomposure of mind.

Why so? Read the following and see: "It is claimed, and almost invariably allowed, that the instruction of our public schools serves to ennoble the emotions and to moderate the passions, to regenerate the viciously inclined, and to correct and subdue the tendency to crime. Devoutly as such a result is to be desired, the facts unhappily contradict the theory, and, unless the glaring inconsistencies are reconciled, and contravening evidence is satisfactorily explained, the claim must be abandoned as unfounded. Just look at the records of our mentally and morally deranged as exhibited in our statistics of insanity and crime and vice, and they alone are enough to cast doubt upon the claim that a public-school education for illiterates is sufficient to insure a decrease of mental and moral delinquency. For it remains to be explained

why in the decade ending with 1880, population having increased thirty per cent. and illiteracy only ten per cent.—a relative decrease—the number of criminals, during the same period, presents the alarming increase of eighty-two per cent., while of insane persons there appears the enormous addition of one hundred and forty-five per cent !”

Have we here a suborned witness? an enemy of the State? Is this paper by Mr. Benjamin Reece a bold, bad man’s attack upon our noblest and most fundamental institution as a free people, an outrageous assault on the pride and glory of our American public school system? It is no use to wave the hand and say pish! pish! Either this impeachment of our public schools, as conducive to vice and crime, or as offering no barrier to their inroads, is to be justified or it is to be severely rebuked. Either it is the uplifted voice of a faithful watchman on the walls, a warning cry, or it is no better than treason. Which is it? If false, having done its short-lived mischief, it will go the way of all falsehoods; if true, it is alarmingly, frightfully true, and *something ought to be done about it*, with all speed, as men rush to rescue the inmates of a burning house, as patriotic citizens rush to the defence of their country. For our country, this glorious republic, is in extreme peril, is already crumbling, if our public schools are corrupting our youth, instead of calling them to noble endeavor and inducing them with moral strength and earnestness.

“Can it be possible that, with the greater educational facilities, there is to be increased crime, and that every enlargement in the seating capacity of our schools is to be followed by a larger corresponding demand for insane accommodations, and additional felons’ cells?”

To this question, which well leaps to the lips, the paper we are considering quickly answers: “Perish the thought!” and we heartily join in the earnest abjuration. “Yet,” it continues, “if the institution of our common schools subdues the tendency to crime, why is it that the ratio of prisoners, being one in three thousand four hundred and forty-two inhabitants in 1850, rose to one in every one thousand six

hundred and forty-seven in 1860, one in one thousand and twenty in 1870, and one in eight hundred and ninety-seven in 1880?" These are figures taken from the New York reports.

"The Annual Report of the Superintendent of the New York State Prisons in 1886 [I am still reading from the *Science Monthly*] shows that the prisons of Auburn and Sing Sing, which classify all their inmates, contained two thousand six hundred and sixteen convicts; of these one thousand eight hundred and one were credited with a common school education, three hundred and seventy-two are classed as being able to read and write, nineteen are returned as collegiates, ten as having received classical and academic education, ninety-seven as being able to read only, and two hundred and thirty-eight having no education.

"Is it not contrary to our most confident prediction and undoubted expectation that the common schools should present eighty-four per cent. of the inmates of Auburn and Sing Sing?"

I will transcribe no more. It goes without saying that the striking paper we have been dealing with boldly confronts our admiration for, and our love of, our country, and our exultant pride in our common school system, by an array of facts and figures which reveal a condition of decreasing illiteracy and increasing crime as alarming as it is amazing.

Look! a land of universal education, where general information, where school knowledge, prevails as nowhere else in the world, and a land, likewise, where prisons and penitentiaries and hospitals for the insane grow with its palaces, and the increase of the criminal class keeps pace with — aye, outstrips — the rapid increase of its population!

Is it all a lie, or is it true, every word? And WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Are the statistics tampered with? Are the figures artfully manipulated to suit some nefarious purpose, to make white look black? I turn to the copious topical index of the Report of the Commissioner of Education, and look for the words vice, crime, insanity, to see if anything of all this worse than

failure of the common school system appears in the school returns; if there is anything to be found in all these twelve hundred and nine pages, closely printed in fine type, of the national compendium of the doings of the schools, their methods of instruction, discipline, etc., to justify this alarm; or any intimation anywhere, or sign of it, that the public schools throughout the country, from ocean to ocean, are not doing their work well, with gratifying success, and accomplishing the noble object for which they are supported at so vast an expense.

I find absolutely nothing. Under the head of Discipline, or moral training, I find admirable things said by all the school superintendents, and every indication that the feeling everywhere exists, and is constantly growing deeper, that moral instruction should be given in schools, that it should be the special aim of the teacher to develop character founded on Christian principles, and to prepare for duties of Christian manhood. Hear what Superintendent Brumbaugh, of Huntington County, Pennsylvania, has to say: "The State reasonably expects from the school, as a product, thoroughly disciplined citizens. The mere impartation of knowledge, or, indeed, the unfolding of a mind is not the leading result demanded by the State. What is of paramount value is training, discipline, correct habits, not merely of thought, but of action. There is, therefore, a *moral* demand made upon teaching. The schools must send out boys and girls whose habits of thought, system of business, and uniform adherence to right have all been awakened, stimulated, and exercised along the proper channels of life until the State may safely repose in them full confidence. Thus only may we meet the expectation and reasonable demands made upon us. Our instruction, therefore, needs to be so modified as to include careful training in civics and in the higher principles of morality." *Ex uno disce omnes.*

And as to the debasing practice of corporal punishment in schools, which is just now exercising the mind of Boston, it is evident that the better opinion of our teachers in all the



States, like that of the people generally, is unquestionably adverse to it.

Again I turn to the commissioner's educational statement to see what he himself has to say, and I read: "I desire to record my unqualified adherence to the educational policy known as the American common school system. No other system of education for the masses has been so fruitful of good to the people of any country. \* \* \* This system of free public instruction is the palladium of our liberties, and its maintenance is the highest duty of the State. The public safety rests upon the virtue and intelligence of the citizen," etc., etc.

Platitudes! Yes, and worse than platitudes, if "our public schools as affecting vice and crime" only tend to increase vice and crime, if they afford no safe-guard against social degeneracy, oppose no breakwater against the in-sweeping waves of moral evil that threaten to swamp this fair republic. And here, too, in the commissioner's statement I find not one word of alarm, no call to the front, not the least intimation or evidence of suspicion that the schools are not all they can be, with no imperfections to speak of, save those that are incidental to all human undertakings. Is this the cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace?

For I say again Mr. Reece's article puts before us what is true or what is not true. It is the word of a patriot or of a traitor, of a true or a false prophet. Shall we believe him or shall we stone him? For the gravity of what he says, the dreadful sound of it on our ears, is increased by the circumstance that his paper is not the first of the kind. It is only one of several other such arraignments of our public school system as have appeared in the magazines within the last two or three years, and which ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged, because the facts they give us, and the figures compiled from official sources, accessible to all, are truly alarming, portentous as the rumbling of distant thunder. They deserve investigation. Mark you, I say *facts*. The question, as of life or death, is: Are they facts? If they

are, then SOMETHING MUST BE DONE about it, or our doom is sure.

It is declared again and again, and that, too, by thoroughly competent and candid observers, that, notwithstanding our costly school-houses, grand temples of learning, all our appliances for advancing education, the morals of the people have not been at all improved, but have rather grown worse; that education only serves to raise the masses above their condition, without mending their morals or improving their habits; that the fathers of the last generation made better servants, better laborers, and better men than their sons of the present, while licentiousness, drunkenness, indeed, vice and crime of every sort, are greater now than ever, or certainly have not diminished. And they further declare that the reason for it is that mere knowledge is not education, and that education has not been directed to her high and legitimate purpose as the efficient and fast friend of virtue.

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Now, we may be assured that it is no enemy of the cause of popular education that says this, and, I repeat, this indictment of our public schools cannot be set aside with a wave of the hand, or a "pshaw," as if there were no reason or force in it. Possibly the indictment may be over-drawn, there may be some counts that cannot be sustained, but, make what allowance we must, it still remains a momentous question whether the children in our schools are educated in reference to themselves and their private interests alone, or with regard to the great social duties and prerogatives that await them in after life; educated, that is, to be *God-fearing men*, or mere money-making machines; to be *smart men*, to use a favorite Yankee phrase, with quick eye to the main chance, apt to get the best of the bargain, sure to put money into their purses; not to be philanthropists and Christians, but only grander savages, expert with the scalping-knife and tomahawk on the exchange. For, we may depend upon it, however richly one's intellect may be furnished, however skilfully it may have been trained,

if it be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, the possessor of it, though he speaks all tongues, and has all knowledge, is only a more splendid barbarian.

Here is the question: In all our schools is not moral training subordinated to intellectual training? Is it not the main tendency of very much of the instruction our children receive to *sharpen their wits*, and to inflame an ambition wholly selfish, rather than to teach humility and lowliness of heart?

In "The Mill on the Floss" Mr. Tulliver wanted to give Tom a "good eddication — an eddication as'll be a bread to hem." "All the learning my father ever paid for," said Mr. Tulliver, "was a bit of brick at one end and the alphabet at the other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar, so as he might be up to the tricks o' these fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'u'd be a help to me in these law-suits and arbitrations and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer of th' lad. I would be sorry for him to be a raskil, but a sort of engineer or surveyor, or like one of them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay only for a big watch-chain and a high stove."

But the theme is too serious for story, even though it be one so pat as this, and so vividly descriptive of popular education in the average mind, I fear. Few persons are aware of the extent to which crime has increased right here in Massachusetts in twenty years — increased among the *young*, among the native-born, among the educated class, and the *higher* class, so called.

I have some statistics before me, and they are from undisputed sources. On the first of October, 1868, there were two State prisons in Massachusetts, the old one at Charlestown and the new State work-house at Bridgewater, and they contained eight hundred and eighty-six convicts. Twenty years later, 1888, there were four, instead of two — those of Sherborn and at Concord being added — and the number of convicts was one thousand six hundred and twenty-seven, almost twice as many as in 1868.

The State population had grown fifty per cent., from one million four hundred thousand to two million one hundred thousand, but the convicts had almost doubled, an increase of almost one hundred per cent. In the houses of correction twenty years ago there were one thousand two hundred and twenty convicts, now more than two thousand five hundred — more than double. And, as the authority before me shows, the cost of punishing our offenders has *prodigiously* increased — an increase in the ratio of more than one hundred thousand dollars per year. And yet we boast of our modern civilization, and the churches of Christ are still discussing the metaphysics of eschatology, little realizing how near *the last things* are at hand if it be true that moral corruption is national ruin, while the great Evangelical body of the country is divided on the question whether there be or not a second probation for the heathen over there in Calcutta, after they are dead, and right here at home the living heathen are doubling every few years, and we go on thinking we are the most righteous and the most prosperous people on the earth! As, of course, we ought to be, for the commissioner of education declares that “nowhere else in the world is there so much general information, and so much knowledge in regard to public affairs, as in the United States.”

Alas! knowledge without virtue is only a means and power of evil. Without an awakened moral sense, devoid of conscience, of the fear of God, of religion, of that perception of the Infinite which works on the moral character, all the accomplishments of education are to no purpose but to make the worse and more dangerous man.

No one can believe more devoutly than did Horace Mann in education as a lever to lift up the people; so he wrote one day: “Virtue is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway to her goal.”

But he also wrote: “Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness, ready to forge cannon-balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a pirate's craft or a missionary's ship.”

This much, I am sure, if nothing more, must come from these criticisms on the public schools: that thoughtful people will begin to consider more carefully than they have yet done whether religion, in the true and just sense of the term, can be divorced from secular instruction; whether we can give up any of the legitimate means of awakening and stimulating the child's moral and spiritual nature without exceeding risk to every noble object for which our public school system was established.

I confess that, in principle, I have always sympathized with the Roman Catholic, who urges as one objection to our common school system that to separate the religious training of youth from their intellectual training is to put asunder what God has joined together. It seems to me to be the very essence of Atheism; it is to sin against the Holy Ghost. And I think, from the increase of private and parochial schools throughout the country, a great many Protestant families are of the same mind.

On this point the Report of the Commissioner of Education is very significant. Referring to the decrease in the population of children enrolled in the public schools during the ten-year period ending with 1887, he says (p. 65): "It would be desirable to know if the falling-off in the public school enrollment were compensated by the increase in private school enrollment. On this point private school statistics are too meagre to furnish definite information."

The most complete and trustworthy data upon this head, however, are furnished by the group of States comprising Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey. In these five States the school population increased one and eight-hundredths per cent. during the last year reported, while the public school enrollment increased only twenty-eight hundredths per cent., the actual increase being four thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight. But in the same States there was an increase in the private school enrollment of twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty-six.

The conclusion presents itself, then, that in these States,

and presumably elsewhere, there is going on a transfer of pupils from public to private schools. This circumstance is of the greatest significance, and demands careful consideration. The public schools are supplied with better teachers and better material appliances for education than ever before, and more money is expended upon them. The cause of the retrograde movement in the older States of the North is to be sought for in connection with conditions arising from the growing complexity of our civilization and the development of even greater extremes of wealth and poverty; but chiefly, perhaps, from the increasing prevalence of a belief in the necessity of certain forms and subjects of instruction that the public schools do not or cannot give.

Wise parents desire that the whole nature of their children should be unfolded, and that part, most of all, to which the infinite and the eternal reveals itself, so they send them where all the "humanities," in the sense of the most complete and harmonious development, are attended to. Man lives not by bread alone, neither is the young child's nature to be fed exclusively on intellectual husks, but on the deeper sentiments of the soul — on faith, on reverence and awe, on prayer and adoration, on ideals of moral excellence. Let the child learn to worship and to adore, to feel God and its own wonderful being, and the grandeur of life, as well as to learn the table of Federal money, how many mills make a cent, and how many ounces make a pound avoirdupois.

In Massachusetts the number of children reported as attending private schools is thirty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-one, which is a much larger number than ever before, and is more than twice as many as attended private schools ten years ago, a fact which, here in New England, where the public school system was born and cradled, where, so to speak, it has been the people's pet, offers food for reflection. Does it foreshadow a fatal deterioration of the public schools through the withdrawal from them of the children of intelligent and cultured people? Does it portend the ultimate abandonment of the whole public school system? Is it making the History of their Decline and Fall? If so, what next?

But, as I was going to say, the popular fallacy is destined soon to burst — the practised eye already detects the opening seam — in which we here in America especially indulge, namely: that mere intellectual training, school-knowledge, a scholastic education, is an all-sufficient defence against temptation; that this alone will give to the rising generations that married knowledge and virtue, that high direction of their mental faculties, and that mastery of the passions, that blended truth and goodness, wisdom and love, on which depends a nation's prosperity, from which free institutions draw their very life-blood. It is a delusion. Mental stimulation does not necessarily promote moral development; in other words, moral development does not perforce go hand in hand with mental development. There is a Chinese proverb which runs thus: "Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it."

At any rate, Truth looks us sternly in the face and declares that the records of crime set their greatest violations of both municipal and moral law, not against the names of those who were born and bred in ignorance, but against those who came from homes of wealth and refinement, who enjoyed the best opportunities of secular education at home and abroad — in many cases were graduated from college, and stood high in social rank. The enemy most to be dreaded of truth, of purity, and public virtue, the worst foe, most cunning and corrupting, most subtle and skilful, which good morals, social order, and the cause of pure religion have to fear, is the bad, intellectual, educated man, who perverts to sensual and selfish ends his trained talents and stored knowledge.

It is a significant fact in literature that Milton awards to Satan, and Goethe to Mephistopheles, the highest intellectual qualities, and they are all the more devils, and all the worse devils, because their wisdom is not inspired of love. They had vast brains, but no hearts; knowledge enough; of virtue, none.

Aye, the shield which all the fiery darts of the wicked can-



not pierce is not Pluto's nor Minerva's — neither plated with gold nor inscribed with letters in manifold tongues, but that plain, old-fashioned shield of in-bred, home-bred honor and primal principles, early instilled at the mother's knee, of reverence, truth, and purity; the being brought up from childhood in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the good parents' example illustrating and enforcing their precepts.

Let it be understood, of myself I make no charges. Personally, I am convinced that the public schools are not altogether to blame, are not solely responsible, nor to such an extent as would at first appear, for the sins laid at their door; that is, the imperfections of the schools, their commissions and omissions, whatever they may be, are not sufficient to explain the astounding prevalence of vice and crime among those who have received their education therein. No doubt they have been, and are, perhaps, now more than ever, conducted on the mistaken principle that the only function of the public school is to train the intellect and sharpen the wits of the child, leaving the heart, the sensibilities, the moral will, the conscience, to the church and the Sunday School. This error exists, no doubt, with all its baleful results. But the chief cause, or source, of educated vice is far nearer home. It is in the home!

It is the lack of proper discipline there, a destitution that is found in the homes of the affluent, I fear, even more than in the homes of the humble poor.

Home discipline! is there any of it as in the days of yore? The whole training of children has passed out of the hands of their parents, their natural, God-ordained guardians and teachers. Our children and the training of them have been given up — to anybody, was I about to say, who will take them off our hands? — have been given up to the public, to the State. She compels them to go to school. She punishes them if they play truant. Broadly speaking, she builds them school-houses, provides for them every appliance of instruction, buys their text-books, pays their teachers, and even gives them an American flag to float on the breeze from tower and mast-head. Everything is free. Come, buy, and eat,



without money and without price. Knowledge is poured out like water. The school-door is wide open to every child, white, black, and red. The right of the humblest child to be educated is as undisputed as that of the highest. Within the school-yard every peasant is a prince. Good! right good! But with the privilege there is a peril. And the deplorable result is, as it seems to some of us, that parents have come to feel no individual, no personal, responsibility. They leave their children to the guidance and instruction of persons they do not know, have never, perhaps, so much as seen. And as with the intellectual training of their offspring, so with their moral and religious training: the Sunday School teacher, with whom, again, it may be, they are not even on speaking terms socially, whom they never think of inviting to their homes, not to say their confidence, is expected to take care of *that*, and to fill the gap by a single hour's instruction on Sunday, one day in seven.

Indeed, in this age of *modern improvements* do half the children even know what the word "hearthstone" means? Is there any family fireside? Is there any common evening lamp? Is there any sweet insinuation of truth and moral impression at the dear mother's knee — on the father's lap? Is there any home teaching?

Oh! to teach morality to children, to teach goodness: this divine art is known only to simple in heart, to those who, somehow, unknown to themselves, carry the pure atmosphere of the higher regions, and convey the celestial influence to those who come in contact with them, as the rose or lemon-geranium leaf imparts its sweetness to the fingers that pluck it.

But this subject is too great to be made the tag-end of an article already too long. A woman has nobly said: "The difference between a well-mothered child and an ill-mothered one, in morals, conduct, intelligence, and teachableness, is so great as to warrant the assertion that, next to heredity, *a child's home training* is the most important factor in the evolution of its character."

She might have said the difference is that which apportions its present and eternal destiny.

## SEVEN DAYS IN THE LIFE OF BERRIE ANDERSON.

BY MISS ANNE W. ABBOT.

SATURDAY.

By the side of a much-travelled road stood a white house, looking peculiarly sober, with its window-shades all down, and its big front door solemnly closed. Its character as saloon was betrayed by loaded teams at its gate, abiding unceremonious entrance of drivers, who presently emerged wiping their lips. In a shed in the yard, moreover, horses stood for hours, hungry or thirsty, perhaps, but fortunate in not sharing the kind of hospitality exercised within the house.

One chilly November afternoon a slender young girl stood for hours on the upper door-step, imploring every one who entered the house to tell Mr. Anderson his daughter was waiting to speak to him. Of course it was in vain, and she was repeatedly ordered away. But no intimidation sent her farther off than to the gate, where she would sob a while, or sit upon the lowest stone step to rest a little, and then bravely return to her post. People going by turned a pitying glance upon the small, white face, with its prematurely old expression.

One young fellow turned about with an intention of speaking to the child. He was strong and resolute, though his face was as fair as hers, excepting its heavy eyebrows and bushy whiskers. But what help *could* he offer against that sullen door? The girl saw sympathy in the blue eyes so earnestly fixed upon her. And soon passers-by became by-standers by his example, as street-gatherings are wont to grow. Then the door swung heavily back, and out rushed a furious man, who caught the girl's arm and hurled her half way down the steps, saying in a deep, low tone, "Be off,—you'd better!"

Before he could turn she had run up behind him into the open door, crying, "My father! my father! Help! Help!"

The gruff man followed her in, the door clapped to, and the gazers all went about their business, except the tall youth, who walked up and down like a sentinel, having a strange feeling in his mind, as if the present scene was but an echo from something that had occurred long before. Had he seen in a dream that little sylph with the sorrowful, far-seeing look in her deep blue eyes? Or was all like something in his early Virginia home, that it was so strangely familiar to him? Of what or of whom was he *almost* reminded? As he stepped within the gate to wait for what might occur, Anderson came out of the house — a tall man, with his right arm in a sling, and his daughter clinging with both hands to the other. Her triumphant glance at her unknown friend was answered by a congratulatory gesture and smile. He followed the pair at a gentleman's distance, not to overhear what they might have to say. But it was all the girl could do, half running, with now and then a jump, to keep up with her father's long stride, and he was sullenly silent.

"Did the brute hurt you any?" he coldly asked, at last.

"He 'most broke my arm! But no matter, now."

"You were where you had no business to be, Bessie."

"And so was my father!" said Bessie, in a playful tone, which apparently offended him, for he threw off her clasp from his arm.

"Your father I am not." Did he know what he was saying?

"Can you cast me off? I don't believe you could spare your bad daughter," she said.

"Better daughter than I am father, to be sure!"

Very true. Without support she could no longer keep up with him, and seemed ready to faint. To the mind of the observant follower her slenderness seemed emaciation; her panting, weakness from want of food.

"Oh, the utter selfishness of a drinking man!" he said to himself. "I wish I could give her *my* arm up the hill." And he had come near, when the man turned and, perceiving

her distress, came back to take her hand kindly in his, saying confusedly :—

“Poor, unlucky one! Poor little girl! All these years well worth her keep; yes, yes! over and over!”

Strange thing for a father to say, and Berrie looked at him wildly for a moment. Was he crazy for the time with liquor? Perhaps.

“What have you done with the boys?”

“Locked them in—hungry enough by this time.—Not Sandy; he is missing since yesterday morning. Not even meal in the house, and you yourself *must* see about it tomorrow—*Sunday*, do you know? I am at my wit’s end.”

“Why did you not manage better, child, or tell me sooner?”

“I did! Since we ate the last of grandmother’s gold beads, we have lived on the kitchen clock. Could I sell the useless gridiron, or what, my father? May I borrow of Mrs. Snow?”

“I won’t have the neighbors know. Such a pass as this to come to! Your own fault!”

“If that was true, there’d be hope, my father.”

They were now passing the row of the neighbors’ houses on the brow of the hill. She saw that his attention was engaged by the heads at every window, all having eyes bent upon him as they walked by.

“Is there anything queer about us, Berrie, that the Drapers and everybody else are staring after us?”

“Do not mind them, my father. Hold up your head; march as you did at the head of your company in the war. O, that the sun was down! But you *can* walk straight *now*! It was moonlight last night; oh, dear!”

“What of that, little goose?”

“Much as ever you made out to get home, my dear father, last night! You bumped against the fences and staggered into the gutters. Here you held up on the post, and here, almost home, you fell down. I ran out—you had got upon your feet, and I helped you into the house.”

“Nonsense! I don’t believe it! A dream—I sort of remember—a nightmare.”

The tears were pouring down Berrie's white cheeks. "My father, were you not amazed to wake on the kitchen floor this morning?"

"Why did you not wake me up? It was you, no doubt, who put something soft under my head, and covered me up warm."

"My father, you were like one dead. I sat by you till I fainted or slept, and when I came to, you were gone up stairs to bed.— Oh, see! the doctor's chaise is at our gate, and I have the house-key. Has anything happened to the boys?"

Out three boys rushed the moment the door was unlocked, and Billy Gray was quite ready to accept with soft lip the tufts of withered grass they plucked for him, while the doctor was carrying a budget into the house. "Have the can and basket ready for me when I come back, little woman. My wife sent this and her love to you."

Berrie's clear voice crying "Cookies! Cookies!" made the boys tumble over each other up the steps in a way that set the doctor laughing, and brought a grim, unwilling smile upon the lips of their father.

"Jump in, Angus; I have something I want to say to you as I drive along."

"I *am* your debtor, Dr. Maxwell, and no one knows so well as you how long I have been disabled. I have exhausted my credit; I shall soon have to sell my house."

"Pooh! Are you bending your brows on *me* as a creditor? Whose hand first grasped yours when you came, a raw Scotch lad, to our shore? Come, Angus, I'm in a hurry—sent for. Jump in."

With a smile, more like a comic grimace, Anderson sat down at the side of his friend, saying, "I suppose I know what to expect. But what good will it do?"

"That depends," said Dr. Maxwell, giving the old nag a smart cut, replied to by a twitch of the tail, but no increase of speed. "Don't be like this thick-skinned old fellow that won't take a hint to do better."

"A ruined man is more friendless even than an orphan

laddie," said Angus, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Yes, and I hold out my hand again to you, as a brother Scot. I have still faith in your natural feeling; your manliness cannot be *all* drowned out."

"Thank you." Another groan.

"Can't you see that sweet lassie of yours is on the road to the grave? Your goings-on will kill her."

"What could I have done with but one hand?"

"I will show you that presently. But you could at least be at home."

"A home no longer! No wife, no company but children, no books. A man needs some comfort, some amusement."

"For shame! Unmitigated selfishness! No mother for Berrie and the children; no father, either!"

"I'm not dead."

"Worse than dead — a disgrace to your family."

"Then you have heard about — about last night?"

"So has all the town."

"Spies for neighbors! I hate every one of 'em!"

"Having *better* company to keep, hey?"

"Let me go; no matter what becomes of a disgraced man."

"Or of Berrie either? And shall Sandy follow in your footsteps? He has already deserted her. Mush is not as tempting as — as — you know what. Meals in your house —"

"Heavens and earth! Where is my boy?"

"Your own example. Ah! he is only twelve. Early to begin a downward course."

"Save yourself and you save your boys," continued the doctor, after a long silence.

"Show me anything a one-handed man can do, without capital or credit."

"I will."

"The very humblest, the lowest business!"

"Humph! *That* is the dealing out of liquor. *That* will not be asked of you; nor gambling."

Anderson astonished old Gray into a gallop by standing up and giving the chaise a shock by a mighty stamp.

Then he looked down on his friend, and, seeing a gleam of mirth, the excited man became himself convulsed with laughter. Then the doctor declared he had his dear old boy back again, and there were tears in his eyes as he gave him hearty and repeated hugs. At the door of a patient he tossed the reins to Anderson, sure he could be left safely alone there in his changed mood.

Meanwhile the little house-manager was transacting important business.

The house commanded a fine distant view. The young gentleman had called to inform her that he was looking for a lodging where he could sleep out of the noisy city in which his business lay, and could he be accommodated with a room here? and also breakfast and an evening meal? There was a fine vacant chamber, but, alas! disfurnished. The beautiful furniture her father had designed, and had made himself, had gone, at half its value, to pay interest on a mortgage. The parlor underneath and a sofa-bed — would that do?

"We cannot afford to keep a fire there this winter," she explained, "so my father would be willing. And I can put the bed where the piano used to stand."

The room was engaged, and would be ready for its occupant on Monday. The rent was, of course, higher than that of the chamber would be, were it in order, so Bessie's heart was encouraged. And this gentleman might be a *helper* at need. She already trusted him as a friend, for *he* knew.

Anderson's nervous laughter was followed by convulsive weeping, but every trace of emotion was gone by the time the friends were again side by side. Billy, at hungry speed, just cleared a gate-post by an inch, and came to a stand at the stable, where the doctor was eager to show a recent purchase, a long-tailed bay, as slender, almost, as a greyhound.

"Too young for your work, is not he? Will he stand?" said Anderson.

"There's the trouble. My wife is at the door beckoning us in to supper. Don't shake your pow. Boys away on vacation. Come, come."

"I—I—"

"At least, go in and shake hands with her. What has she done, pray? What are you afraid of? Kind love is aye in her ee, man."

Bravely as an old soldier might, Angus marched in after his leader. And immediately her cordiality and the welcome sight of a blazing wood fire warmed his heart, and set him at ease. He sat down and leaned his chin upon his hand with sad, not sullen, composure. He felt sure she had not heard—oh, she could not have heard!

While her husband pulled off his boots and thrust his feet into well-warmed slippers, she was opening the evening paper. Then she led the way to the dining-room, a delicious scent meeting them, and a brilliant light showing pretty china, and—

"Bannocks!" cried Angus, in delighted surprise. Oh, the dear old days! Perhaps he had been expected. Yet how unlikely. Delicious coffee, well creamed. He sighed as he set down his cup. He had not lost his relish for coffee; no, no!

"My brother has sent us some of his rare Spice Russets," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Lizzie, where do you think I found my new beast to-day but in your brother's orchard, with my chaise at his heels, helping himself from the half-gathered crop."

"I hope it gave him the colic! Did you expect him to stand without tying?" said Anderson.

"I want a man to drive Le Cheval Bayard for a week, and cultivate his conscience. You could do it with one hand; he is a biddable creature."

It was no new idea to Mrs. Maxwell evidently. She pressed him, and now he understood that she knew very well what he would have to give up. She suggested, rather than asked, the question, "Could not a man who, by rising from the ranks, had shown himself fitted to command other men have control of *himself*?" Anderson felt her respect and sweet confidence stir his pride. His faith in himself, which had been nearly crushed by public disgrace, was roused in



good earnest, as she made him believe that victory would render him more worthy of esteem than ever before. And the doctor brought and gave into her hand a written pledge he had all ready, binding the signer to be a faithful servant, to be called upon at all hours, day and night, for one week, abstaining from every intoxicating thing until the same hour on the following Saturday.

"Lizzie, your eyes are like diamonds. It is for you to get him to sign; I see that. But don't let him do it too hastily. Dear Angus, be sure, now. Consider it well." He doubted; he trembled for him.

Anderson took the pen she held out to him, wrote his name with a firm hand, with his usual flourish beneath, and smiled at his friend's dubious face. "A Scotchman does not break his word," he said.

"You do not half realize what is before you. You will need all your Scotch toughness in your struggle with the devil of strong drink. You are not the man you have been, my dear fellow."

"I have been on my guard at the—the place, of course. I—did not take so very much, you know.—Ah! lately, indeed, I hardly know." The remembrance of the gazing faces came to his mind like a horrible dream. He declared he hated his neighbors, the whole of them, and would be glad to leave his house.

"To be relieved of your house you had only to keep on with that infernal ledger at the saloon," said the doctor, angrily. "And as to your neighbors, Berrie has found them all to be of the true Bible sort."

"Husband, where is your army cape?" said the lady, anxious to create a diversion. "It would be just the thing for Mr. Anderson this winter, with his lame arm." And very becoming it was to his erect, soldierly figure, as he took possession of it and put on his cap to depart.

"To help your perseverance, I shall prepay for the week," said the doctor. But Anderson said it would be far better for Berrie if it could be paid in orders for needed household

stores. Having long, unpaid accounts at all the shops he could not so use the siller himself.

Berrie had sent the boys early to bed, and was mending their trousers. When he came home she was bending low over her work, one candle and no fire burning. What a contrast to the cozy rooms he had left was the cavernous kitchen! He stepped lightly in, and she said, not looking up, "O, Alick! I have so wanted you." She sprang up and clasped her hands when she saw it was not Sandy, but her father. She was uncertain whether to be joyful or not. He stooped and kissed her forehead. Then she threw her arms round his neck and began to sob.

"I would not cry if I could help it. It was the kiss made me."

"Poor little thing! your hands are like ice. Let me make you a fire."

"I never have one except to cook with, and Alick has not been home for two days to break me up a barrel to burn."

"Don't ever call him Alick again, child."

"Sandy is too Scotchy, *he* says."

"I'll hunt him up and trounce him."

"He hates home enough without that, my father. I wish police would catch the scamps he goes off with."

"They don't know what to do with boys, but to cram them in among old offenders."

"So Mrs. Snow says." A frown made Berrie turn back with anxious haste to her work.

"You must be tired, child. Sunday the children will wear their *best* clothes. Go to bed."

"There are no best, my father."

As soon as the fire was snapping and sparkling, the father, with moist eyes, gave her another kiss, and went away to bed himself. After that a loaded wheelbarrow came into the shed.

It was very late when the last stitch was taken, and then there came a tap on the window announcing Mrs. Snow's Bridget. A sister had come from Ireland, and would need to be taught by Mrs. Snow for a while, so Bridget had come

over to stay for bed and board, and take the heavy work from the small, weary shoulders. She made herself at home on a low stool by the embers of the fire, and Berrie threw herself into her lap like a child, and laid her head on her ample chest.

"Ahl beat out," said the humble friend, her brawny arms enfolding her. "Now lave ahl to me."

Presently she carried the tired girl up stairs, disrobed her, and laid her into her bed, where she sank to rest with a deep-drawn breath of content. She did not hear when Bridget took little Angus from the crib close by, and bore him away to her own lair under the kitchen staircase.

*End of Saturday.*

## BETTER HOMES.

BY CHARLES F. WINGATE.

*To the Editor of Lend a Hand:—*

THE following letter of inquiry from a professor of political economy in a Western university presents a popular view of the tenement-house problem:—

“I have been referred to you for information in reference to the ‘Housing of the Very Poor,’ upon which subject I am preparing a paper. From the different sources of information which have been available to me I have drawn this conclusion: that improvement in tenement-house construction does not reach the class for which it is intended, the class occupying the tenements of old style, badly ventilated and over-crowded. Also, that the trouble is largely with the people themselves; that they need an education in cleanliness, and the desire to work, before they may appreciate the improvements, if they were able to take advantage of them.

“In other words, while I sympathize deeply with all those whose poverty has been thrust upon them by the force of circumstances, I think that the people of this class are surrounded by a vastly greater number whose poverty and condition is a matter of choice. If this proposition is true, their salvation lies within themselves only, and no law may reach them. Theorizing upon the subject is very interesting for me at this distance from New York, and I presume my theory would be necessarily modified by observing actual conditions.”

In answer to the above I sent the following reply, which may interest your readers:—

*Dear Sir:—*

Your argument is the old, and, I believe, fallacious, one, that environment is not so potent a factor in people's lives as

personal habits and tendencies; ergo filthy people make filthy tenements. It is the argument of the religious teacher, who claims that you must first Christianize the masses in order to better their condition. But cleanliness is next to godliness, and it is useless to expect purity of mind and heart apart from purity of body and surroundings. It is like the old reasoning which Macaulay vigorously refuted in one of his early essays, and by President Lincoln in his messages, that it is unwise, if not dangerous, to emancipate slaves unconditionally, because they are unfit for freedom.

The mass of Anglo-Saxon people have a desire for comfort and cleanliness, and if you provide decent homes for them they will take care of them. This is demonstrated by the experience of the model and reconstructed tenements in New York and Brooklyn and with those in Great Britain.

The filthy habits of the Italians, Poles, and Russian Jews are the result of generations of poverty and degradation. But even they are no more filthy in their habits than were the English of the time of Erasmus.

But the necessity for better tenements is one of public, not private, interest. It is the duty of the State to enforce sanitary laws as a protection to the community, and to prevent the spread of contagion. Again, the poor are the wards of the State, and they have a "right to life" equally with political rights. It is on these grounds that vast sums have been expended in London, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other cities in clearing out the slums, and this is the true basis for demanding and enforcing sanitary reforms in the tenement sections.

NOTE. Mr. Wingate's correspondent should read John Long's Way in LEND A HAND for September last. This very important paper is decisive on the question involved. Ed. LEND A HAND.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL READING.

BY MARTHA H. BROOKS.

THE Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books was formed in 1865 with the purpose of examining books for young people. It is the oldest of the many similar associations formed in different communions during the past twenty-five years.

It consists of about forty members, either mothers of families, Sunday School teachers, or persons otherwise interested in children's reading, and it meets on the second and fourth Mondays of every month from October to May. The officers are president, secretary, two librarians (making, with two other members, a business committee), and the chairmen of three reading committees, into which the whole body is divided.

Every spring a list is printed of the books approved during the year, with descriptive notes, giving the character of each book not sufficiently described by its title, and with signs (\* and †) indicating those specially suitable for readers over fourteen or under nine years of age. At first the list was divided into books specially adapted to Sunday School use, and others of less distinctly moral and religious purpose, but in 1885 it was thought best, as a matter of practical convenience, to print the titles in alphabetical order, leaving it to the buyers to choose, by the aid of the notes, according to individual need or preference.

The expenses of the commission are paid by the American Unitarian Association, and the lists are sent to every Unitarian Sunday School in the United States, to many town and free libraries, and to any person who asks for them. The books to be examined come chiefly from the publishers, most of whom send their juveniles when issued, with the understanding that all books not approved shall be returned *in good*

*order.* Damaged books are paid for. Books approved become the property of the commission, the notice in the annual list being considered equivalent to a newspaper book-notice.

Some English books and a few others, issued by publishers who "do not send to any reviewers except influential newspapers," are ordered from a bookseller, who supplies them on special terms and takes back those rejected at a small discount.

Every book, when received, is credited to the sender, and entered by full title, author, publisher, date, number of pages, and publisher's price on a card catalogue, on which is also recorded the final fate of the book and any necessary descriptive note. The book is then covered and given out to one of the chairmen of reading committees, who takes charge of its circulation until it has the necessary number of readers.

Readers are furnished with printed blanks — white for approval, blue for rejection — with these questions to be answered: "Is it specially suited to readers over fourteen, under nine, or to those between? Is it fact or fiction? If historical, of what period? If travel or biography, of what time and country? If science, on what subject? What are its good qualities, and what its faults?"

These reports serve for reference in the discussion of the books at meetings, and form the bases of the notes to the annual lists. Historical and scientific books are referred to readers specially interested in those subjects. To be accepted a book must be approved by five readers. Three rejections may exclude it, but farther examination may always be asked by readers who are dissatisfied with the verdict, and every book about which there is any doubt is fully discussed in the meeting, where the utmost freedom of expression prevails.

Every five years these annual lists are condensed, and reprinted, dropping titles of books that have gone out of print, and noting any changes of publisher, price, etc. In 1885 a list was made, selected from the annual list of the preceding twenty years, and limited to readers under sixteen. This was done because so many of the books on the earlier lists were

out of print, and so many others were not of a kind to interest the children of to-day.

One great discouragement in this work is the readiness with which really good books are allowed to drop out of print, and anything which is new and attractive in appearance gets a ready sale. In the twenty-five years of its existence the commission has noted a great change in the character of children's books. The period covers the time when anything which could be described as a "juvenile" met a ready sale, until much trash flooded the market. Of late years the annual issue of children's books has been much smaller and the standard distinctly higher. For example, in 1869 out of four hundred and seventy-eight books examined one hundred and forty-three were approved, while in 1889 of two hundred and thirty-three books examined sixty-nine were approved, and among these were many more books of travel and history than in the earlier list.

The Commission has always aimed to notice all wholesome, helpful books, whether of fact or fancy; but it has steadily set itself against (1) books which tend to cultivate self-consciousness by gushing sentimentality or by much emphasis on personal beauty and graces, with elaborate description of dress and surroundings; (2) those which misrepresent the real experience of life, making precocious brightness or virtue secure sudden and wonderful success, or presenting the children as far superior in wisdom and goodness to their elders; (3) those which, for the sake of being interesting, are full of pertness, "smartness," and slang; and (4) those which, nominally written for children, deal with relations which belong to a period beyond childhood, and are really only novels in small.

How much of such trash there is, probably no one realizes who has not had occasion to handle it, but every year does bring a small number of interesting, wholesome, well-written stories, with high purpose and helpful influence, as every year brings some books of travel, history, biography, and science for young people, and these, with a little care, can be picked out from the mass of poorer stuff.



## THE APACHES AT MOUNT VERNON.

[Monthly report of teachers sent by the Boston Citizenship Committee to the Apache captives at Mount Vernon.]

A FEW days since there was a sad, and, in some respects, a peculiarly interesting, death in the Indian camp. Chi-hua-hua, one of the chiefs, had two wives. One of them had been sick for some time, but the doctor thought not seriously so, when, late one afternoon, he was called in to see her, and found her delirious and in a raging fever. He immediately inferred that her friends had been giving her Indian medicine; in other words, they had, with the best intentions, poisoned her. There was no way of proving it, but before morning the woman was dead, leaving two little children, one a baby. She had lived in the same house with the other wife, amicably sharing with her the family cooking, and the care of Chi-hua-hua's enormous shirt-fronts and cuffs. According to Apache custom, the bereaved family should have abandoned their house and burned everything they owned; but, to our surprise and gratification, they did nothing of the kind, contenting themselves with moving into another house. Some of the woman's personal property they may have destroyed; but the bulk of their goods they carried with them to the new home, and, judging from appearances, they saved all their clothes. Chi-hua-hua, instead of going to the woods and dressing in a sheet, appeared the second day in his usual gorgeous array — shirt-front, cuffs, and stove-pipe hat, all in an excellent state of preservation. Uncharitable people hint that he broke through the customs of his people to save his hat, which has been to this *dude* of the Apache nation as the apple of his eye ever since one of the officers was inspired to give it to him. He is spoken of in the neighborhood as the old "gentleman" with the beaver. The general opinion of him is that

he spends his whole time in dressing and admiring himself. He will go neither to school nor to church, because men who drink and gamble are to be found at both places, and are not fit to associate with him. It is universally admitted that he is free from both these vices, yet nearly every one, Indian and white, dislikes him. I must say that I do not share in the general feeling against him, though my friendship is of a mild order. I cannot but feel that, among a slovenly people, foppishness is rather a virtue than a fault, and that where so many drink, and everybody, even Jeronimo and Naiche, gambles, the man who stands out against both vices, whatever may be his motive, has certainly hit upon a good deed. He has a daughter, Romona, at Carlisle, who is very highly spoken of. Whenever I write to her for her father he tells her that he keeps clean, and wears white man's clothes. She answers, with the same simple vanity, that she is very good and that every one loves her.

It is a custom among the Apaches for a man not to marry again until his wife has been dead a year and a half, though bad men, we were told, would marry before that time. Their domestic arrangements are very peculiar, with a little background of poetic instinct, that shows through all the hard, practical facts of the case the same old human nature that has gradually evolved the love which is stronger than death.

To begin with, when a man marries he is supposed to belong no longer to himself, but to his wife's parents. He is not permitted to speak much in their presence, and dares not look on his mother-in-law's face, shielding his eyes from it, as from the sun. The gift they have bestowed upon him in their daughter is supposed to be so valuable that he not only pays for it liberally at the outset, but any service they may ask of him he is obliged to render, so long as their child remains his wife; when she dies he cannot marry again without their consent. If he treats her unkindly she can take refuge with her mother, and be safe, and the children are always hers. The reverse side of the picture is that the husband can take as

many wives as he likes, beat them, and turn them out of his house whenever he desires to do so.

If he is of a jealous turn of mind, and feels that he has been wronged by any one of them, he is allowed to slit the offender's nose, as a mark of her disgrace and his own revenge. The idea of punishing the stronger, and, therefore, the more guilty, partner in the crime seems never to have crossed the marital Apache mind, any more than if the husband were a leader of fashion in an enlightened circle of society. It is interesting to watch the slow inroad of a better religion, and, consequently, of a better rule of life among them. One unfortunate man, speaking to Miss Stephens of this past custom of his people, added sadly, "But I don't want to do that now," which showed a greater insight into the spirit of Christ's religion than anything that has come to our knowledge.

One day Goclay told me he wanted a picture of God. I told him I could not get it for him, because there was no such thing. He asked, inquiringly:—

"God no have his picture take?"

"No," I answered. "Perhaps you mean you want a picture of Jesus Christ?"

He considered a moment, and then said, "Yes, I guess Jesus [will] do."

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day Mount Vernon Barracks is in mourning for General Crook. The flag is at half-mast, and the guns are firing. When the Indians were told that he was dead they mourned and cried through the camp as though there had been a death in each house. They loved him and believed in him. "Gray Fox," they say, never deceived them. Their one comment is, "Good man — my friend — all Indians' friend."

I shall never forget his visit to them in January. He sat under the trees near the school-house whittling a stick, while they gathered around him to talk to him. They had welcomed him with enthusiasm, if such a word can be applied to Indians. Every man in camp crowded round him to shake hands with him; and even the squaws left their half-cooked

breakfasts to the mercy of the children and the dogs, while they rushed away to catch a glimpse of their hero. I have before me now his report to Congress, after that visit. His clear head and merciful heart speak in every line of it. Alluding to the mortality among the Apaches he says, "It seems due to home-sickness, change of climate, and the dreary monotony of empty lives. They need something to do—something to occupy their heads and hands. There is among them a general and earnest desire to possess farms of their own, on which they can work out a future for themselves. From my personal knowledge of them, I can attest to their ability to become entirely self-sustaining in a short time, provided care be taken that they are started right. \* \* \*

By far the greater part of the tribe remained true to the Government in the outbreak of 1885. For their allegiance or disloyalty all have been rewarded alike—by captivity in a strange land. \* \* \*

They have a right to demand much of the Government, but they demand nothing. Discouraged and hopeless, they ask only an opportunity to work for themselves. Their own farms have been taken from them, and others should be given them. \* \* \*

I am satisfied that there will be no more law-abiding community than these Indians, no matter in what part of the United States they may be placed."

The school work is progressing steadily. The first class among the children has been promoted from the chart to a reader, which they have already nearly half-finished. Miss Stephens has a larger attendance of men than ever before.

The other day we discovered an Apache reading-room for night study. It is in the house of Chichi, the best man, Wrattan says, in the tribe. Though young, he has an old and ugly wife, to whom his devotion is quite pathetic. His house has two rooms and a passage-way, and one room is consecrated to the muses. The floor is covered with some old and deeply dust-dyed cloth, and several common pictures adorn the walls. The articles of furniture are a table, two chairs, and some boxes. The table has a thin, red cloth and a

rough desk set upon it — Chichi's own work — also a lamp, and everything he can find approaching a book or a piece of paper. At night the lamp is lighted, and he and his friends, Naiche, Frin, Jim, and Bendea, sit round the table and study. I think when Miss Stephens saw this little den she took a new lease of life on the spot.

Respectfully,

S. SHEPARD.

MT. VERNON, March 29th.

### LETTER FROM MRS. TIBBLES.

BANCROFT, CUMING Co., NEB., March 13, 1890.

*Editor of Lend a Hand:—*

In the March number of *LEND A HAND* I see there is an article entitled "An Indian Reserve," which is attributed to me. I did not write it; it was written by my husband. \* \* \* When I think of all Mr. Tibbles has undergone in his work for the Indians, all the burden of blame, misunderstanding, and misapprehension he has had to bear, all the trouble he has gone through to bring about the reforms which are already under way, and his present striving to complete those reforms against all manner of hindrances and opposition, and with scarcely a word of encouragement or kindness from any one, then I feel that even in such a small matter as this (the authorship of this article) he ought to be righted and given the credit due to what he has done. As far as any little work that I may have done for the Indians is concerned it does not count, because I am an Indian, and when I do anything for them it is the same as though I were doing it for myself. And I have had more than reward in the love and friendships that came to me through my wanderings in the East. I am so glad that you have published about the organization of our "Law and Order Committee." All the difficulties that Mr. Tibbles has given glimpses of in his article will be on every reserve, and the workers on every reserve, where there are workers at all, will have to contend with them if they are to

do any good, and I think if they know about the organization of our committee it may be a help to them. How much simpler it would all be if they would only pass the "Thayer Bill!" Such a measure would reach every reserve, and not leave it to chance as to whether these difficulties are to be met, or the Indians to be left worse off than they were before. I think "the Severalty Bill" the best thing that was ever done for the Indians, but I look on it as only the first step.

\* \* \* I had not intended to write so much when I began, and you can publish just as much of it, or just as little of it, as you see fit; only I should like to have that set right somehow about Mr. Tibbles and the article.

Yours truly,

SUSETTE TIBBLES.

### THE HOME OF SAINTE PERINE.

M. DE FLEURY, a lively French writer, has described a recent visit to the Old People's Home of Sainte Perine, which suggests some points to managers of institutions for the same purpose elsewhere.

It is in the quartier of Auteuil, one of the regions of Paris of which the ordinary American traveller sees so little. The grounds of the home are extensive, green, and even gay, with lawns and trees, and whoever will go there in June, when the horse-chestnut tree, so dear to true Parisians, is in bloom, will see them in their glory. M. de Fleury imagines people who ask what prince has a garden so beautiful and so extensive near Paris. They are to be answered, with fit pride the part of the answerer, that this is the home provided for old gentlemen and ladies.

You enter these beautiful grounds and find three "pavilions," as the modern fashion calls the separate buildings of such establishments. Three basement rooms of that in the middle are three large public parlors, one for embroidery, one for cards, and one for conversation. The old people may

and do play whist in the card-room at a *centime* for each game, from seven in the morning until ten at night. In each room is a piano, and M. de Fleury gives us to understand that he was, in each, reminded of the aspect of the large saloon of a good sea steamer when people gather in it, for whatever diversion, on a pleasant day.

Each "pavilion" has a long hall, or passage-way, running through the longer way, and, on the right and left, are the rooms of the old gentlemen and the old ladies, the single men being in one, the married couples in another, and widows or unmarried women in the third. The men's rooms are smaller than the women's, a fit regard being paid thus to the simplicity of their tastes, or to the smallness of their deserts; nor are they so elegantly furnished, speaking generally, as the ladies'. Indeed, most of them take the aspect of an office, as if these old gentlemen still had affairs to administer. In each pavilion the inmates are permitted, nay, encouraged, to bring their own old furniture; and we are told that the result is a collection, in the two buildings where ladies live, of such memorials of old regimes as would drive collectors well-nigh crazy. The ladies' rooms, indeed, are sometimes even elegant in their arrangement and decoration. The pavilion of the single men is called by the happy name of the "Students' Pavilion."

"Those apartments which open to the south are almost all desirable. The superb terrace, the long, arched avenues, the English lawns beyond, and the wooded park which shuts in the scene, make a delightful, restful prospect." Cats and birds are permitted, and as you look out on the garden you may hear a concert of both — or perhaps it is the harmonies of a piano of another generation, or one of the love songs of the first empire to which you listen.

No gentleman or lady can be admitted who has not a regular annual income of two thousand francs. The chances are, therefore, that the occupants are people used to a certain dignity or elegance of daily life. But, on the other hand, there are precautions which prevent the admission of the rich, though we are not told by M. de Fleury at what point of

wealth the line is drawn. As to age, the limit for each sex is sixty years.

M. de Fleury is very definite in saying that in this cheerful home the old people appear much younger than people of their age generally appear in private homes. He is quite clear that they maintain their freshness and vivacity longer. He does not find here the "classical old people" of the drama. These old people generally live to the age of eighty-five or eighty-six, he says, unless some accident happens. The old ladies go and come, as anybody else might do, to visit in Paris, to see their children, to do as they please, returning at eleven at night, as so many youngsters might do. He speaks of a friend of his who took a pleasure-trip in Algeria at seventy-eight, and just now, at eighty-two, she has gone alone to Scotland to gratify her curiosity. But he confesses that the men are not so active. They have used up their vitality, he says, in younger life, and now they have not so much left to them. He does not seem to have heard of Moses's measure, or to think that four-score brings labor or sorrow.



## PROFIT-SHARING IN ST. LOUIS.

[Our intelligent readers have shared the interest which we have taken in the profit-sharing arrangements set on foot four years since, in St. Louis, by Mr. H. O. Nelson, in the iron and steel works under his direction in that city. At our pressing request, Mr. Nelson has furnished to us the following account, which shows the continued success of this enterprise, and the plans for its future:]

ST. LOUIS, April, 1890.

Four years ago the H. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company adopted a very simple plan for sharing profits with its employees. On little printed slips it was announced that, after allowing seven per cent. interest on capital, the profits would be divided equally upon wages and capital. Thus capital was paid its current wages, just as if borrowed from bank, and then it was put on even footing with the workers. A one-sided division, to be sure, but it was as well to start in a conservative way.

The men were asked to name a custodian, to whom a contract was delivered, and who was also to pass upon the proper compliance at the end of the year. It was a one-sided contract, the company agreeing to divide profits, but requiring nothing in return. There had never been any trouble between the company and its men, but each enjoyed the other's confidence. The first year a five per cent. dividend was paid; the second, ten; the third, eight, and the fourth, ten. After the first year there was set aside one-tenth of the profits for a surplus fund, one-tenth for a provident fund, and something for a library. The surplus is accumulating for a rainy day; the provident fund takes care of the sick and disabled, and the families of those who die. This fund is in charge of a committee of five, one from each of five departments, elected by the employees. Benefits are allowed on the basis of needs; that is, according to number of dependents in the family.

All are invited to invest their dividends in shares of the

company. About seventy have become stockholders, averaging about three hundred and fifty dollars of holdings at this time. There is also a savings department in which odd sums may be deposited and draw interest. This amounts to several thousand dollars. Interest rate on capital has been reduced to six per cent.

Quite a number have used their dividends toward buying or building homes. There has never been any question raised about the accuracy of dividends, nor an occurrence of any kind to mar mutual good feeling. No conditions have ever been imposed, nor any appeals made for harder or better work. So far as there may be any room for such improvement, it has been left to the object lessons to exercise their natural influence. The best wages are always paid, and in hiring men no reference is ever made to prospective dividends.

For two years working hours have been reduced to fifty-seven a week, sixty being the rule in this class of manufacture. A vote is soon to be taken on the company's proposal to reduce to fifty-four hours a week, without reducing pay. The men are free to have their choice, and it is safe to say the majority will be governed by their estimate of whether as much can be done in nine hours a day as in nine and one-half. This depends on the nature of the work, but in the aggregate there would, doubtless, be some reduction in product, and this would be shared equally by capital and wages.

Profit-sharing having become fully naturalized and fully understood, it was submitted to the annual meeting of last year whether a removal of factories to the suburbs were desirable. There was a large preponderance of sentiment in favor of the country. After a year's hunt for a site possessing all possible business advantages, joined with desirable situation for homes, a tract of about two hundred acres has been selected and bought about twenty miles from the city. The land is high and slightly undulating, is intersected by three trunk line railroads, adjoins a county town of thirty-five hundred people, has coal underlying which is delivered at the furnace for thirty-five cents a ton, has water, a fifteen-acre piece of woods, and good soil.

On this tract the company has begun the erection of factories covering about two acres, to be followed by other departments as soon as convenient. About fifteen acres fronting on railroad will be reserved for factory purposes, about twenty-five acres for park, play-grounds, and public uses, and the remainder for homes. All will be laid out in winding roads, and planted with shade trees and shrubbery. There will be wooden sidewalks and cinder roads.

The erection of dwelling-houses will be begun at once, and from fifty to seventy-five completed by autumn. The company has engaged by the year a competent architect, and every house will be of artistic design, unlike its neighbors. No houses will be rented, but will be sold to employes on easy monthly payments. Every house will be supplied with water, electric light, and fuel gas.

Whatever profit is charged on the land and the improvements will go into a public improvement fund. There will be a club-house for lectures, amusements, and reading, and a school, to be presided over by a prominent educator. There will be no private stables or sties or vegetable gardens, but there will be a public laundry, a bath-house, and a joint truck-garden.

So far as experience and observation can be utilized, there will be business economy joined with domestic economy, and these made to serve comfort, intelligence, and happiness.

Yours,

H. O. NELSON.

# TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
Lend a Hand.

## OUR NEIGHBORS.

BY LULU E. TYLER.

### CHAPTER I.

“After the shower, the tranquil sun;  
After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
Silver stars when the day is done;  
After the harvest, golden sheaves.”

THIS snatch of song, heard ringing out bright and clear — one pauses, attracted by its simple sweetness. At the last few words the singer, a young girl, who has been seated in thought, rises and glances at the old-fashioned clock, which, in spite of all the varied rush and irregularities of life about, still continued its steady “tick-tick.” She dons coat and hat, and, with thick, warm gloves, turns to go out, but recollects to bid her mother good-bye, and kisses her on each cheek, adding, with a laugh: —

“That is a real French kiss, you know, mamma! And now I must be off; the meetings are prompt, and I have quite a distance to go.”

“Frances, you have had the wish always to be of use in the world — to help others,” said her mother. “The words you just sang seem full of promise — of inspiration. There is a certain key I would give you which —”

“Yes, mother?”

But as she extended her hand, as if to take what her mother had to offer, each hand met in a warm clasp, her mother only replying in a low voice, “Make each and all your neighbor!”

Frances, as she rapidly walked on her way, found many subjects for thought, among which the certain "key" her mother spoke of was as a bit of mystery. But that which puzzled her most was her mother's remark, "Make each and all your neighbor." Frances felt impressed with the words, repeated them in her mind, and, though she had so often learned "Love your neighbor as yourself," she took her mother's words as something having new meaning, not quite definable.

"Surely," she considered, "they seem simple words, easily written and spelled. And feel every person a neighbor," she went on to explain within herself.

IN a certain bright, cheerful room which we now enter are gathered young girls and children, cozily seated in chairs and on crickets; some, grouped by the windows, chatting busily. Smiles and happy hearts prevail.

The sun, enjoying the picture of this circle, its fair faces, and busy hands and hearts, peeps in, as if to inquire could not he lend a share of his brightness. And, finding himself within the atmosphere of the dear children, the good old sun gently kissed here the pretty lips of Carrie, and there the sunny curls of Mabel, who seemed to have so much of the sunshine within her always, but still adding richer touches by its warm rays, as she gives her head little, energetic tosses now and then—the dear, cheerful sun, I say, wandering from one to another, giving all a warm caress, finds a quiet resting-place, and becomes a welcome addition—an honorary member, as it were, at this gathering In His Name.

Now, what are they about? What have they done?

"We are waiting the arrival of our chief," explains Mabel, addressing a new-comer.

The moments passed, still the chief did not arrive. The many voices may be heard in conversation, until one of the older members of the club, tapping on a table, laughingly imposes "order" on the groups about, and goes on to say:—

"Our chief having not arrived yet, while we are waiting I move that each one of us tell something in the way of instruction or amusement."

Though a slight clapping followed this suggestion, there were a number of "Oh, don't!" "I never can think of anything to tell!" and there were a few confused laughs. In fact, it was a meeting much like what you and I have attended, with girls like those you and I know.

Listen! another tap on the table. With little fluttering and settling of positions, all awaited what their first sister might tell. You observe, these members of this certain club had the very pleasant habit of speaking of each other as "sister," for they met for one and a common cause. Cannot all earth's sons and daughters be uplifted? Indeed they can, oftentimes in most simple ways.

#### CHAPTER II.

"WELL!" began the first brave maiden, with the ejaculation used so frequently by our girls, "I can't say I think of much to interest one, still I will tell you this:—

"A certain friend of mine (I shall call her Hannah), after a long and tedious illness, was at length able to go out to a series of piano recitals given by a musical friend, which she wished much to hear.

"The day of the concert arrived. Hannah went to lunch with a friend of her mother's, intending to be prompt at the musical treat she so much anticipated. After a warm welcome and a pleasant chat about a fair for this charity, and perhaps some work done in 'lending a hand,' came the pleasant lunch. After lunch a short time was spent in the parlor. Hannah, meantime watching the clock, was about to bid her kind hostess adieu and hasten off, when she was asked if she would be willing to play and sing for her. This lady had mourned, for a long time, the loss of an only daughter, and had been worn with anxiety for an invalid husband, sick for many years. Friends loved her, just as Hannah did, and went to see her now and then, but not very often, for she could never return their visits. Young company she loved to have—but seldom had. So she asked Hannah for some music, and she thought, 'Can I refuse, and hurry off to the concert I have planned to hear? Not if I can afford this dear lady pleasure. No! no, indeed!' She took her seat at the piano. Losing all thought of self and time, she played on and on. So each was made happier—one by the power of giving, one by appreciation in receiving.

"On taking leave that day Hannah said: 'We have both had a concert, and I am very glad it was so.'

"While the sweet reply came in answer, 'I have not heard music for a long time now. Your visit has caused me to feel new again, dear child. I thank you! Good bye.'"

This was the end of her simple story, and there was silence in the room. And one might see a tear bedim Mabel's eyes; while a look of serious thought was expressed on all faces as this bit of story closed.

Belle was one of those genial, off-handed girls, jolly in disposition, and good-hearted. She was fond of being in the very centre of everything going on. Just now, however, she occupies a seat on a cushion in the corner, where she declares she will "take a turn in saying a few words." Looking straight up at the ceiling, as though to obtain some direct inspiration, she announced abruptly: —

"I was in one of the lower classes of the grammar school. It was winter time; school had just been dismissed, and a crowd of us girls were on the way home. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and we were all having a noisy time of it — a general good romp, with snowballing once in a while for the sake of emphasis.

"There chanced to pass by us an old, stooping Chinaman. Some one whispered it would be good fun to throw a snowball at him. But he was exceedingly stern-looking, and not one of us dared to take action. However, after he was quite a distance off, I, yes, I, took a handful of the snow, threw it, and hit that Chinaman on the neck. He was surprised; so was I that it should touch him. I never before struck what I aimed at. But the Chinaman — how he ran after the girls, who had begun to run as if for their very lives! Oh, as for me, I stood right where I was, and he went straight by. Wasn't I frightened! Well! I never see a Chinaman but I think of the time I snowballed one, poor old man! I have pictured in my mind so many times how he ran after the girls, past me, who was to blame for his discomfiture.

"I have never been able to quite forgive myself for doing that. It seems rather mean, and I would not repeat the same thing — even to try my skill." And, with a glance around at the amused listeners, she reassures their doubts, adding: —

"No, I declare I wouldn't!"

And the sun, moving about again among the now laughing girls,

shoots a quick, bright ray into the corner, to where Belle is, as if to signify his spark of disdain at the whole proceeding with the Chinaman.

"Here she comes, girls!" "Here she is!" and in truth their leader arrives.

"Frances!" "Frances!" for it is none other than our former acquaintance. "What have you there?" the girls cried in chorus. "Where did you get it?" were some of the questions showered upon our heroine, as she enters the room.

In the gladness of seeing her, and the curious mystery she had with her, the girls never thought to say aught of tardiness.

But Frances has business to attend to, and does it forthwith.

#### CHAPTER III.

"My dear sisters, I believe our meeting to-day is rather out of the usual order. What time remains I wish to monopolize — in fact, to relate a little story. Not on my pleasant walk to meet you all, but —" Frances, looking down beside her to a poor little figure, quiet and curious, speechless from timidity, explains *what* "it" is, as the girls unthinkingly called the poor ragamuffin, and *where* found.

"I came across this bit of a man as I was turning a corner. He was alone, poorly clad, as you see. One little hand was thrust into his mouth, as if for warmth, while one dirty fist rubbed hard one eye, to keep back the tears. Stooping, I took one hand in mine, asking the cause of his crying. It seemed that he had followed a street band ('tootin' moosic,' as he called the strolling minstrels). The band left him at length far behind, and then the little man's difficulties began. Far from home, and so cold, too! But as he tells it, 'I fordot ware I was, an' den a doggie followed me all 'er time. I couldn't dit away trom 'im.'

"I think I know the child's mother, who is a poor widow over in the other part of the town. I wonder we have never helped them. But now we will. What can we do? Money we must have to clothe this child warmly. Our treasurer finds some on hand, and if we can but add more our work is plain; for we all have hoped to be up and doing. Surely our prayers have now been answered in an unexpected way."

And each heart felt a thrill of truest happiness as they clustered



round the precious child — precious for the soul that was of God within him — and the girls, kissing his hand, talking to him in loving ways, spoke the spirit of the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." So they took the little fellow in train, like a prince surrounded by his court. They could not make enough of this poor, ragged one, so surprisingly brought to them.

One of the sisters made up her mind that the money she was to put into a certain choice bonnet could not be used in that way. For she said to her companion: —

"I never could bear to look at that hat when I knew that woman's rent could be paid from it."

Another sister begged her parents to give to her the birthday-party money, and received it, after much diligent pleading, for an undisclosed "whim," as her wish was called. And a set of new blankets made this same widow very nearly happy, though she "never knew just which lassie sent them."

But a word more of Frances. Her hopes and aspirations for helping others grew stronger with each new effort. The key which her mother had to offer Frances was that which only could open the secret of a life-book overflowing with love to God, love to man, self-sacrifice, and charity, inclosing it all, as with a cover, "for the love of Christ." Frances began to know what the book of life held within, hidden before.

And when her mother would repeat, as she sometimes did, "Make each and all your neighbor," Frances would reply, "In Christ there is no seeking of one's own, but another's good."

This was the key.

#### LEND A HAND.

THE Annual Meeting of the clubs will be held at Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield Street, Wednesday, May 23th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dr. Hale will preside, and the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place. Clubs are requested to send delegates. There will be reports and short addresses.

## MONTHLY REPORT.

THE monthly meeting of representatives of the clubs was held at the LEND A HAND office, 3 Hamilton Place, March 31, 1890.

The report of the new Lend a Hand Home for widows and their little children was satisfactory. The contributions for the home have come in but slowly, but at present there are not many inmates. Nearly all of them are able to pay board, and the immediate need is not pressing. It must be remembered that this is not a local charity, but the home will receive widows from outside the city. It was voted to accept with thanks the offer of an entertainment proposed for the benefit of the home.

A member of the King's Daughters from Roxbury reported on the Coffee Rooms established by the Y. W. C. T. Union. The rooms have been supported in a large degree by money contributed for that purpose through LEND A HAND. The undertaking is successful. Many men go with regularity, particularly at noon, and boys come in the evening. The committee in charge regret that the girls cannot have a club-room in that vicinity, also.

Miss Kimball reported that Miss Tutwiler was much in need of three young men as teachers in the convict schools of Alabama. The salary is forty dollars per month.

Dr. Hale spoke of a Boys' Club which needed both money and books.

Many other appeals were presented which had been made to the committee. These are all printed on other pages under their different heads. Before publishing these appeals the ladies have endeavored to investigate them thoroughly. Clubs that wish to assist any of these objects will do well first to address the chairman of the committee at this office.

### CHARITIES.

A HOSPITAL, built by a colored man, in Alabama, needs furnishing. Not only is it the first free hospital built by a negro, but the first hospital outside the poor-houses in the State.

A blind girl, singularly destitute of relatives, and in delicate health, can sell aprons, sweeping-caps, etc., if these things can be

sent to her. She will return one-half the price when sold, to the club which sends the articles.

A baby boy, of three months, deserted by his father, whose mother cannot keep him with her, as she works all day, including Sundays, in a restaurant. She is very fond of her baby, and would gladly pay two dollars of the three dollars she earns a week to board him in a good home, near enough to Boston to see him occasionally, but no one will take so young a child under three dollars a week. The Children's Aid Society can supply the home, and see that the child is properly cared for in it. Will any one else supply the extra dollar a week? Please address Miss Anna P. Jackson, Office Boston Children's Aid Society, Room 43 Charity Building, Chardon Street, Boston, Mass.

## MISSIONS.

THE Committee on Missions are in receipt of a pressing appeal for aid from a widow in Martinsville, Virginia. Money, clothing, or anything that will aid in the support of a destitute woman with two children, a boy and girl, will be thankfully received.

We have a call from the Freedmen's Department of the Woman's Mission, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for pieces of calico, or woollen scraps, for quilts, to be made by the women in Liberty County, Georgia, and sold in Savannah or elsewhere. A clergyman writes: "The people depend upon corn for bread, but the long drought gave them only a few nubbins. They depend on cotton for a little money for clothing and repairs, but the same drought gave them only a fourth of a crop. The quilt scraps did a world of good. Over one hundred quilts have been made and sold to help get food."

## EDUCATION.

AID is again needed for the school at Siena, Italy. This school was started in the autumn of 1888, and at the end of three months there were thirty-four scholars. This number has so steadily increased that it became necessary, a few months ago, to enlarge the school-room in order to accommodate all who wished admittance. The sum needed to defray the expense of this enlargement, and also to assist in maintaining the school, is about two hundred dollars. The work being done by the school is far-reaching in its effect, and its value is not to be calculated.

## BOYS' COOKING CLASS.

My "Boys' Cooking Class" was, a little more than two years ago, a doubtful experiment, but has now proved itself a success, so much so that the public schools have followed where we led, and now have their regular classes in cooking for boys, as well as girls.

It had its *origin* in this way: I have a weekly club for the poor boys of this neighborhood, and I try to have some knowledge of the domestic life and surroundings of each. In talking with them I found several who were motherless, with no sisters, or only those younger than themselves; that they and the fathers did the cooking and work of the house (or, more properly speaking, few rooms) as best they could.

I asked them, without really giving serious thought to the matter, how they would like to have a class for cooking, and finding that the idea met with great approval, and was referred to again and again, instead of being forgotten, we immediately put it to the test, with most satisfactory results. We have now our fourth cooking class for boys, which has its lesson every Monday evening. It is made up of eight boys, and a defter, more interested class than gathered around the long kitchen table — one sewing up a fish which he had just stuffed for baking, another moulding bread, a third and fourth making the simple pastry and custard for a pie, while the others watched carefully — it would have been difficult to find. And very attractive they looked, too, each in a white baker's apron, sleeves, and cap.

Two of these boys are Scotch, who, with a widowed father, a laborer, make the home, and the boys of twelve and fourteen, do most of the housekeeping, as well as cooking. It is almost touching to see the pleasure they have taken, and are taking, in preparing new, although simple, dishes for the father. They have had heretofore only baker's bread. Now they are making it themselves, varying it with muffins of different kinds, corn and griddle cakes.

Another boy, one of three who, with their father, an old soldier, have an attic room together, tells with much pride of the help he

can now give his father by cooking himself, or teaching *him* how to cook *better*. This father, Mr. B., told his boy's school-master what a great advantage it had been for Patrick to have these lessons, and spoke with special satisfaction of having learned things himself—that “the head of a cod or haddock, which he had always thrown away, could be used for a stew.”

Two other boys are without mothers. The sixth is the only child of his mother, a widow, who goes out to work daily, and who reports the boy as having tried six different receipts in the week elapsing between the lessons, and the two remaining members of the class come from families of boys only, or where there is only a *little* sister. Not that I would confine our lessons to these boys only, for we believe them to be of great use to boys in any situation of life, but as our number must be limited, I have tried to choose those to whom such instruction would be of the most immediate use.

In visiting one of the philanthropic enterprises of New York a few weeks ago I spoke to the gentleman in charge, who is nobly devoting his life, his time, his money, and his work among the poor, of this class, which I considered so successful. He expressed a good deal of surprise, and questioned its usefulness, but when a boy who stood near us said that since Christmas, when his mother died, his father and younger brother and sister had had no food except of his cooking, or that of cheap, poor bakers; that he had had no training except as he had seen his mother do things, and that he had no receipt book even, I thought no further arguments were needed from me. I sent the boy some of our receipt slips, and I hope some time I may hear that he, or that others who have a similar need in that great city of New York, have had, like the boys of Boston, the opportunity given them of learning to cook.

## N E E D H A M , M A S S .

### LOOK-UP LEGION.

ANOTHER year has passed, and this evening our Look-up Legion meets to celebrate its third anniversary and review its work.

Since October 12, 1888, we have held seventeen meetings, the last regular one being July 1st. Two meetings, one in November, and another in December, were adjourned on account of severe storms.

During the first part of the year the programme, after the opening exercises, was arranged by different members, in turn, and consisted of music, recitations, and readings upon different topics; but in February the directors prepared a list of subjects, which list was printed and distributed.

These were as follows: "Our Mottoes," "Washington," "Kindness to Dumb Animals," "Temperance," "Keeping Good Company," "What Shall we Read?" "Physical Culture," "Christian Service," "Local History," and "Patriotism."

Brief addresses upon these subjects were made by Messrs. Dunn and Lyon, Dr. Miller, Mrs. Harris, Miss Ingalls, and Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Dr. Miller gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on "Physical Culture," part of which she illustrated by the use of a skull.

During July and August no meetings were held. The annual meeting for choice of officers came in September, and a sociable was given in October.

So much for our meetings!

Good words have been spoken and sung, information and advice given, and the aim of our Legion constantly repeated. How much good we have done we cannot tell.

Now, what work have we done? Not so much as we wish we had, or might have, perhaps, but something in addition to the work done by the bands, into which we divide for the purpose of working better.

Last November we gave a public entertainment in aid of the W. C. T. U., and the audience pronounced it an excellent one, and worth

more than the small admission charged. The proceeds were thirteen dollars, and we wish they had been three times that, as temperance is one of our chief aims.

Our members have also collected advertising and Christmas cards, and packages of the *Youth's Companion* and other papers, which were brought to the meetings and packed in a box. This box, when filled, was sent to the Montana Indian School. Two of the boys also made a very large scrap-book of interesting selections.

We number in all one hundred and thirty-two members, ninety working in bands, and the others attending the general meetings only. We want to do charitable, temperance, missionary, and other work worthy of our members. Our aim is to bring all ages, from five to one hundred, into our work, and that is why we have different bands, to work in different ways, but whether called "Busy Bees," "King's Daughters," or "Lend a Hand Club" members, they are all members of the Look-up Legion of Needham.

#### KING'S DAUGHTERS.

THE work of this band is "anything, however small or simple, that helps any one to be better or happier."

We know that many quiet little deeds have been done "In His Name," but we cannot tell how many.

What we have to report is a Thanksgiving basket of cake, pie, fruit, and jelly sent where it was very welcome, a bag table at the annual fair of the Ladies' Aid of the First Parish Church, the proceeds of which were ten dollars, the Christmas decorations of this church, a New Year's cake for the inmates of the almshouse, in March a birth-day cake sent to an old lady ninety-four years old, and a bouquet purchased and sent to an invalid lady.

In August a lawn party was given by our band, which netted the sum of thirty-five dollars and sixty-two cents. Of this thirty dollars was given to the Lend a Hand Club to aid in their mission work.

At the concert on Children's Sunday, last June, the King's Daughters presented to the church a large Bible, which they had bought for use in the new chapel.

They have also helped a little in making clothing for the Lend a Hand charge, little Lora Vaille. Last October we commenced to

meet in the evening to sew on a quilt for a sick woman in need of more bed-clothing, but, finding it would not be ready as soon as cold weather came, we begged one from a kind friend, and gave it to the woman. Some garments have been brought to our meetings and given away, while a few still remain in our possession.

We have voted to do some other work, but that will be left for the coming year.

#### LEND A HAND CLUB.

AFTER the anniversary meeting in October, 1888, nothing of special note was done by the club till just before Christmas, when its attention was called to the needs of a sick lady in a distant part of the town. It was decided to send a basket to her on Christmas day, and donations were called for. Every member contributed something, either food, money, clothing, or booklets.

Several new names were added at this time, and much interest expressed in the work.

April 10, 1889, a special meeting was called at the request of two of the members. Up to this time the club had held no meetings, and, save a president, had no regularly appointed officers. At this time we had fourteen members, and several gave in their names at this meeting. After a brief report of work done up to date, one member laid before the meeting a plan for mission work, which was that the several bands of the legion assume the charge of some little child, so many are there in need of homes and friends. It was proposed to take a child with view of giving it a permanent home here and making it a permanent charge—a "Child of the Legion," instead of a "Child of the Regiment."

The Lend a Hand was to raise funds for its support, and the other bands to furnish clothing. The proposal was favorably received, but it was thought best not to take any action till April 14, when another meeting was held. At this time we voted to take a child for six months on trial. A committee of three was chosen to select the child, and one member asked to solicit new members, and subscriptions from old and new for its support.

April 22, our club numbering thirty-two members, it was deemed necessary to have a secretary and treasurer. One member was chosen to fill these positions. A report from the committee chosen



to select a child was listened to. It seemed that from whatever place a child was taken some *one* person must become responsible for it. One member volunteered to do this.

May 1 a bright little girl from a Home in Boston was brought to Needham, and placed in a family consisting of a young man and his wife, childless. It was a child twenty-one months old.

The club pays two dollars per week for her board, and her clothing has been donated by different members, and made fit for use by those of the club who had time and inclination for such work.

The King's Daughters have done some sewing for the child, and, as their donation to this work, gave us thirty dollars of the proceeds of their lawn party, held last August.

Of course the two dollars per week we pay for the child's board does not begin to pay for the loving care the couple who have charge of her give our little girl. This is something that cannot be bought. The child has been with us six months, and we have been so successful in raising funds that we feel justified in continuing the work. At first we had extra expenses and some discouragements. The child was quite sick, but Mrs. Dr. Miller, who attended her, gave her services and medicine, to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and others gave increased amount of subscription, so that we were able to meet all bills promptly.

We have now taken the child indefinitely, one member of the club signing papers promising that the child have proper food, clothing, care, etc., while with us.

There is much interest felt in this work outside of the Lend a Hand, and in many ways members have been enabled to do more than they otherwise could by gifts of clothing, etc., from outsiders. All these we would thank most heartily for their sympathy, as well as material aid. Some members of the club have not approved of this way of doing good, but have done all they could in some other way, so that all our members seem now engaged in lending a hand to some good work.

One member is doing a good deal with the old clothes donated to the club. Some of these garments she sells for a nominal price—better than giving outright in many cases.

The subscriptions range from twenty to thirty cents per month from all interested members. We have raised to date, November 1,

one hundred and seven dollars and fifteen cents, twenty-five dollars of this being Mrs. Miller's gift.

May we continue in this work to

Look up and not down;  
Look forward and not back;  
Look out and not in;  
Lend a Hand,

all In His Name.

Any questions for further particulars as to this work, or the discouragements and encouragements we meet with, will be gladly answered by the secretary.

#### LITTLE HELPERS.

THE Helpers have met regularly through the year at the church parlor, instead of at the houses of the members, as last year. There have been seventeen meetings. The members of this band helped in the exhibition for the W. C. T. U., contributing some very pleasing songs and recitations.

They helped at the festival of the Ladies' Aid Society, the proceeds of their table being eighteen dollars and fifty-five cents.

They have also endeavored to help in work at home, and have collected flowers and brought bouquets to church. At Christmas they were pleased to receive a little book entitled "The Snow Blockade," from E. E. Hale, the author of our mottoes.

The first of the year the work at the meetings was upon an embroidered "Dosey," which, when completed, was bought by friends at a church sociable, and presented to Miss Anna Kingsbury, our faithful president.

In May a box containing twenty fancy articles was sent by the Helpers to the Little Helpers of Providence as a contribution to their fair table, and a letter of thanks was received from Miss Antony, their president.

About a fifth part of the contents of the box sent by the Legion to the Montana Indian School was provided by our band.

At present we are working on a bed-quilt, and also making articles for our table at the annual festival of the Aid Society connected with our First Parish Church.

As you see, we have done nothing great—only some things to *help* in the work planned by others.

## BUSY BEES.

THIS band of the Look-up Legion is called the Busy Bees because its members are always busy, and the Legion aims to help them to be busy in good and useful ways and works.

There are ten members now, three have joined during the year, and two have been promoted into the older Ten, called The Little Helpers.

Thirteen meetings have been held and two sociables.

These small members of the Legion have done their part in whatever work has been undertaken. They made articles for the fair table last year, they helped, by song and recitation, in the entertainment given for the W. C. T. U., they contributed toys to the box sent to the Montana Indian School, and they have made two picture scrap-books, besides sewing patchwork at the meetings.

Two of the members carried toys and books to the Children's Home in Wellesley, and others to little Lora, the child in care of the Lend a Hand Club.

Each member is expected to report something done to help father, mother, or school-mate since the preceding meeting, and to pay a fine of one cent if absent.

This does not seem much to report, but we are small, and hope to do more another year.

## REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

LETTERS with regard to formation of clubs, reports, etc., may be sent to the central secretary, Mrs. Bernard Whitman, LEND A HAND Office, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston Mass.

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BOSTON, MASS.

SINCE our last report the Union Associates have been actively engaged in various directions. We have given provisions, clothing, fuel, and money to a poor family, where the father was out of work, and the mother quite ill. Also, through the influence of the club, the children were enabled to attend Sunday School. A committee called upon a lady who was out of work, and who had no immediate friends. Our club sent provisions, and she has secured a position as cashier.

We have procured a hall (free of expense) for a sewing-school during the spring, and it is well attended.

Through the kindness of the Loyal Women we sent a basket of provisions and groceries to a poor old lady, eighty years old, who is trying to do for herself and invalid daughter.

The club has also given a very successful entertainment for the purpose of furnishing a room in the Home for Aged Couples.

Provisions and clothing have been sent by the club to a poor woman living at the West End.

On Christmas a box of clothing was sent to the Home for Aged Couples, and a box of toys and cards was sent to the Home for Little Wanderers.

We expect to have a box ready soon to send to the Soldiers' Home, consisting of clothing and reading-matter.

Dr. Hale was present at our last meeting, and spoke of the interest and work of the Lend a Hand clubs.

We feel very much encouraged at the results of our work, and that it may prove a blessing to us, as well as to those whom we aid In His Name.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

OUR club was formed in February, 1889. We have now over forty members, ranging from twelve to twenty years of age, with a few older. We call ourselves the Lend a Hand Club. We have worked for the church, doing but little work outside. We had a sale in our vestry a short time ago, and realized nearly seventy dollars, fifty of which we gave to help settle a bill then due, and we are in hopes to aid in the church debt. We meet once a week, in the church parlor usually, but sometimes at the homes of the members. Our meetings are quite pleasant, and with the *Look-out* to help us we are quite sure they will be more so.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THIS is a report of the order of "Send Me" connected with the Church of our Saviour. In accordance with the design of the organization, assistance has already been rendered in several cases. Permanent employment has been obtained for a colored seamstress, who, until her engagement commenced, was supplied with work by members of the order for a period of three weeks.

A German family was assisted in time of illness, and now, the man having recovered, and the family having moved to better rooms in one of Mr. White's model tenements, they will be self-supporting.

Help in the form of work, coal, and clothing has also been given to another family, the chief burden of whose support falls on the mother, the father being an invalid.

As a direct outgrowth of the order a colored maid has become much interested, and, having obtained the leaflets, is about organizing a similar Ten in the colored Methodist Church, of which she is a member. This will probably be the first Ten of this order among the colored people.

# INTELLIGENCE.

## THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY.\*

BY MARTYN SUMMERBELL.

A VERY dainty and readable book this, from the pen of a theologian who, with all his acquaintance with ecclesiastical lore, is also a man of affairs. Called as he often is to comment in print on broad movements in modern life, he is aware that the church, conservative factor that it is, must array itself for new issues, and lead in the solution of pressing industrial and social problems.

From first to last he considers the church on broad lines, regarding it — and here is the key-note of this work — as one of the three structural and permanent institutions of the social order, the family and the state forming the other two, and all three, in the ideal society, co-operating in harmony to secure the highest prosperity and happiness. As he presents the case, the church of the middle ages accomplished a great work, but, at the same time, reaching out for carnal weapons, fell far short of the simplicity and beauty of apostolic example, so that under the domination of ecclesiastics a restraint lay upon church, state, and household. Nor has the Reformation sufficed to cure all ailments. For while, on the one side, it has rebuked churchly usurpations, it has fostered, on the other, an intensity of individualism which has sometimes led to disregard of the principle that society is based upon per-

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\* "The Church in Modern Society." Julius H. Ward. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York, 1889. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top. 230 pages.

manent institutions. The difficulties of the situation are also aggravated by the contentions, or the narrow life, of the denominations, which waste their strength in petty controversies, or in multiplying organizations which cover and overlap the same territory. In the author's forcible expression there is fault in the methods by which the organizations of to-day are brought into contact, or, rather, kept from adequate contact with social life. The state acts as a unit, and treats the whole body politic as citizens. But the church, in its disunited sections, lacks the power over society which is exerted by the state. Different religionists define their positions with reference to one another, and exalt dogma above the interests of the whole population. Both in town and village the maintenance of rival parochial organizations withdraws from the community much of the influence of the most worthy people, who feel obliged to work for their parishes, instead of looking after the real prosperity of the whole family of God. In some quarters, beside being credited with this narrowness of sympathy, the church is charged with being the pet of the higher classes, and the luxury of the few. There are great masses of men outside its pale, who look askance upon its efforts for their regeneration, and who seem inclined to go their own ways, which often are far from the best.

How are those careless multitudes to be reached? How are the waifs of society to be rescued and restored? How are the miserable and overburdened to receive the message of the church? How shall it take its own place in the full harmony of institutional life? Many of our author's suggestions on these points are to be readily endorsed. He is convinced that the work of the church is spiritual. It is to furnish education in the world, but not according to the world-spirit. The individual is to be placed where he will become the recipient of divine grace within himself, and the subject of spiritual environment from without. The conquests of Christianity are to be gained when the individual feels that he is endowed with influence over his fellows, and that by word and deed he can transmute that influence into changes in their character

and their personal motives. Through the personal convictions of its members the church imparts to men the principles which cause peace and good-will to take the place of strife and injustice. It is here that the spiritual method of regenerated society begins to rule the world.

And much, also, of the work is to be wrought in and through the family. The church should touch the households of the community, and move their individuals through the organic life of the home. The clergy should reach the young not only through the Sunday Schools, but also through guidance and teaching communicated through the parents.

And for fullest efficiency the forces of the church, which are now scattered and wasted by looseness of organization and method, should be brought to bear upon society in their full extent. Two things, according to the author, are needed: organic breadth and greater freedom of action. It is not desired to deny the rights of existing churches, but such an organization, like that of the Associated Charities in London or Boston, that the existing institutions of religion shall properly assist one another in covering the field where they exist.

For such union of action Christian society is ripe, almost beyond belief. Charity is replacing self-will in the piety of the hour. The differences between the religious societies are inappreciable when compared with the untold opportunities for the amelioration of human life, and the building up of religious character. Such unity is to be gained, not by analyzing the creeds of the churches and making estimates of their harmonies, but rather by seeking a unity of working agreements.

Little or nothing is to be expected from the ecclesiastical side. But there is hope from the present desire in the churches to magnify their agreements. As one looks at our American life to-day the different denominations bring to bear upon the congregations which belong to them, and through them upon the common society of the country, the highest sort of moral and spiritual influence. They give tone and character to city and town and village. There is no religious society which could well be spared. The lines of a broader



and better spiritual life have already been laid down in our common society. The heart of the Christian church beats as the heart of one man; it is more than ever

“True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

Why, then, should there not be immediate co-operation and union? Vested interests and traditions of Christian communities for a time prevent, but they do not forbid, and cannot prevent, the meeting of brethren of all names in the great free demesne of modern society, where the yet remaining conquests for the human race are to be secured. If the great communions of Christendom work in the social field, where there is a sufficient call for all their energies, and secure us better homes, better schools, better laws, better conditions of life, there will be such a growing love toward men, inspired by such love toward God, that all Christians will lose sight of their differences in the discovery that their agreements are the sufficient basis on which society in this world can be so organized as to have in itself a foretaste of the satisfactions of the world to come.

Such, in the main, is the author's argument for a larger spiritual unity in the churches, and for a closer touch with the pulsing life of day. Where he will encounter most dissent, perhaps, will be in his continual tendency to emphasize the institutional character of the church, with something more than a squint towards the orders and authority of the Anglican Church, and the prestige which religion might gain by a union of all denominations in a national church under the standard of the historic episcopate. But since this is offset by his own valuable discussion of the spiritual method of the church he may safely be left to reply to himself. Surely it is the very truth of God that the church wins its noblest victories on spiritual lines, and that the more spiritual their labors, the more Christlike they become in heart and life, the more nearly the leaders of Christian thought approach each other. Nor can the humanitarian work of the church be too strongly emphasized. The church in the world to-day is representa-

tive of Christ, to run His errands, and save men as He saved them when He was in the world, by going to them and winning their hearts, and giving them light for darkness, and awakening a joyous hope in the bosom of despair.

Its day of caring for itself is past. The church that pauses to think much of itself is morbid and moribund. Christ's church, alive with His spirit of consecrated endeavor, is waking to the call of humanity, and preparing to impart from its plenty of material or spiritual blessing, to him that hath need. In this joyful mission it will know no high, no low, no rich, no poor; and in the sweet fellowship of a common ministering it will discover a spiritual unity that will override all barriers of tradition and circumstances, and teach the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

#### RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

WE give below extracts from the last letter received from Miss Hamlin:—

\* \* \* The school year has ended. The annual examinations, which were very pleasing, took place, and we have great reason to be satisfied with our work.

With regard to admitting girls other than widows, I think that while the girls in *no sense* add to the expense of the school, but increase its efficiency, they must be admitted. Ramabai is sure more widows will come if the school is made attractive by other girls. She does not wish it to be simply an asylum, but an educational institution. We have two families in which there are widows, and the father is willing his other daughters should attend the school. Ramabai believes that they will finally bring the widows, who so much want to come, and she can raise the money among her friends for the proper fees.

To have ten widows seemingly safe under our influence, with no possibility of being withdrawn, is a mighty accom-

plishment. Everybody thinks so, and people are becoming more kind and charitable toward this school.

An English lady, with some friends, called yesterday, and we had one of the most satisfactory school-inspections we have had. The girls were in complete order at their examinations, and with the interesting faces, the neat paper, the pretty school-room, Ramabai in her white Marathi costume at one end of the large room, Mrs. Nicomby, gentle and sweet, at the other desk, the door ajar leading to Miss Demmon's — the "pleasantest" room, with window overlooking opposite *compound*, green, fresh, and with blossoming flowers, the beautiful gables of Wilson College just beyond, and the white road leading to the misty Back Bay, and the illimitable ocean so near — the whole school atmosphere breathed a charm which one seldom experiences. Miss Demmon's room has a western opening toward a palm grove, and the birds come flying in and out of our doors and windows. Our guests were enthusiastic.

We have just been through a Hindu festival, the Holi, sacred to Krishna and the milkmaids, and a three days of jokes, ribaldry, and noise. With the tom-toms, the can-cans, the ding-dongs, and the bow-wows in the Chowpatty palm grove, I have been nearly distracted.

Every now and then there is a scare among the Hindus and Brahmins about suspected attempts at proselytism. It is amusing, and at the same time sad, to see how anxious they are. Mothers and sisters come here ostensibly to visit the girls, but really because they are often afraid there is some trickery in us. They cannot understand our principle of toleration in religious matters. But everything is open to them. We take their visits as a matter of course, and if we tried to hold the girls when they wish to take them away, the effect would be bad for us.

The school is making great progress. The girls "live" in their studies, and under sweet influences. Whatever may have been the cost, if the growth and interest continue, we shall be in the midst of a work at the beginning of another

year of which the American people may justly be proud.

X. is a girl of nineteen years, with face of the patient camel expression, which is, however, gradually losing the sad, resigned look, and showing more animation. One would have said there is no joy in life for her, only suffering, but a willingness to endure if spiritual advantages could be thus obtained. The family is very poor. This girl lived sometimes with one sister and sometimes with another, wherever she could obtain a little food. Her husband died when she was only seven or eight years of age, and his people were unable to support her. Through a brother-in-law she learned of the Sharada Sadana, and applied for admission. At first she was a day pupil, but at the end of three months she wrote Ramabai saying she was starving, and unable longer to endure the tortures of hunger, and begged for a scholarship of five rupees a month, on which she could support herself. Ramabai felt that she ought not to give scholarships, and begged the girl to come and live with her. X. strongly demurred, being sure that she would lose caste. The suffering became too intense, however, and reluctantly she came in, staying only two or three days at a time, carefully keeping herself secluded from companionship with girls whose orthodoxy might not be very strong, abstaining from all pleasures, and carefully observing all Brahmin rules. She hardly seemed human at first; there was a frightened expression, as though she were doing wrong, and as though she were continually praying, "Lead me not into temptation." Now she mingles more with other girls, and looks healthier and happier. She always greets me with a smile which has in it a meaning of trust. She is learning rapidly, and is a most hopeful pupil.

This is but one case; others are equally as interesting.

WE are requested by the Executive Committee of the Ramabai Association to say that the detail of the contributions of circles, made in the printed report of that society, is by no means complete. It is not a part of the treasurer's report, but was made up by the corresponding secretary for the information of members. — ED. LEND A HAND.

## CONVENTION OF WORKING GIRLS' SOCIETIES.

THE convention of the Associations of Working Girls' Societies, of which the programme appeared in our April number, was held in New York City April 15-17. Delegates were present from seventy-five co-operative societies, and from others not thus united, and these delegates represented organizations from Maine to California, from Montreal to Pittsburgh. The papers presented covered every question relating to the administration of a girls' club, and were marvels of condensed and practical wisdom. Miss Howes of Boston, in an inspiring paper on "How to Rouse an Intelligent Interest in Members," recommended open discussion and conference upon all matters relating to the club, the sharing of responsibility so that many may help, knowledge of other clubs and their work, and, more than these, personal faith and hope, and the cultivation of that spirit which forgets class distinctions. Miss Potter of New York City told "How a Club may Become Self-Supporting," and urged every club to make financial independence its steady aim. Miss Dodge spoke of "Practical Talks" as the very backbone of every strong club, and suggested, as topics, home-making, health, dress, laws of factories and tenement-houses, current politics, lives of famous women, etc. In a paper on "The Literary Side of Club Life" Miss Lockwood of New York showed the value of club libraries, and described the method and the success of Shakespeare classes and other literary studies in these clubs. A suggestive account of the savings systems in use in the Boston clubs was given by Miss Shepard. One of the most valuable essays was that by Miss Clare de Graffenried, on the duties of working women to one another; it might well be the basis of a "practical talk" in every club in the country. But it is impossible to give at this time any hint of the value of these and the others presented.

We hope to be able to print some of them in full. An interesting feature of the discussions was the reading of papers on the various topics, prepared by the wage-earning members of the clubs, which showed careful thought and full comprehension of the aim and possibilities of such organizations.

On the evening of the 15th the annual meeting of the New York Association was held at the Cooper Union, and the clubs of Brooklyn and other neighboring cities were represented by large delegations. Miss Grace H. Dodge, the president of the Association, read a report showing the rapid increase of clubs in many cities. Greetings were received from Boston, Brooklyn, from the clubs of England and Scotland, and from Sorosis, as representing the New Federation of Women's Clubs. The annual address was by Mrs. Terhune, on "Co-operation among Women in Its Relation to the Making of Homes." Several New York clubs opened their doors to the visitors on the evening of the 16th, and interesting exhibitions of their work were given.

At the close of the convention a committee was appointed to prepare a plan for an association which shall include all the clubs of the country. It was also voted to establish a paper in the interests of the societies, and a committee have the matter in charge. A full report of the proceedings of the convention is to be issued, and copies may be obtained by inclosing ten cents to the president of the Association, Miss Grace H. Dodge, at 262 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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## THE BEAN-FEAST.

[This little poem is from Mr. Browning's last volume.]

A NUMBER of poems, such as "The Cardinal and the Dog," "The Pope and the Net," and "The Bean-Feast," inculcate high moral lessons through the medium of that grim humor which has always been peculiar to Mr. Browning. The last-named, "The Bean-Feast," shows us Pope Sixtus the Fifth, upon whose words the world hung, going forth in disguise among the poor to see how they fared and what were their modes of life. He partakes of a meal of beans with a peasant and his wife, and throwing his hood suddenly back reveals the presence of the Pope:—

Imagine the joyful wonder! "How shall the like of us—

"Poor souls—requite such blessing of our rude bean-feast?"

"Thus—

"Thus amply!" laughed Pope Sixtus. "I early rise, sleep late:

"Who works may eat: they tempt me, your beans there: spare a plate!"

Down sat he on the door-step: 'twas they this time said grace:

He ate up the last mouthful, wiped lips, and then, with face

Turned heavenward, broke forth thankful: "Not now, that earth obeys

"Thy word in mine, that through me the peoples know Thy ways—

"But that Thy care extendeth to Nature's homely wants,

"And, while man's mind is strengthened, Thy goodness nowise scants

"Man's body of its comfort—that I, whom kings and queens

"Crouch to, pick crumbs from off my table, relish beans!

"The thunders I but seem to launch, there plain Thy hand all see:

"That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—that boon's for me."

